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OCTOBER 1979

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BY GAIL SHEEHY

THE DAY AFTER SUPERMAN DIED  
BY KEN KESEY



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# Teddy's New Schedule

The press will draft Kennedy for the presidency—bet on it

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) announced today that he would be an active candidate for the Democratic nomination for President.

Speaking in the crowded Senate Caucus Room, where his brothers John and Robert had made the same announcement for the 1968 and 1969 elections, Kennedy said he decided to run against President Carter after a meeting with eight members of the twenty-four Democratic senators whose names might run against him.

"I have supported the President to the best of my ability for the past three years and still share many of his goals for the nation," the senator told cheering supporters and a national television audience. "I decided to run only after leaders of the Democratic party are convinced that my candidacy would make sense rather than divide our party."

The announcement came after ten weeks of intense political speculation and analysis triggered by President Carter's appointment of Hamilton Jordan as Secretary of State and of the President's wife, Rosalynn, to replace Jordan as White House chief of staff.

The political meetings here and around the country climaxed yesterday when the dispatches of senators met with Kennedy for two hours, telling him that they could not be protected—and that the Democrats would have control of the Senate—if President Carter was on the party's ticket next November. The timing of the announcement today also coincided with the filing deadline for the February 24 New Hampshire caucused primary and some three days before the filing deadline for the March 18 Illinois presidential primary.

Mayor Kantor, a Los Angeles lawyer who managed Jerry Brown's 1976 race



downed campaign, stopped by to see some California politicians after a swing stop to Washington. "Is Kennedy going to run?" they wanted to know.

"Yes," Kantor answered. "He's being drafted."

"There's no such thing as a draft."

"Political bosses used to draft candidates all the time. Kennedy is being drafted by the new political boss—the press."

Kantor is a professional who usually believes that the political press has replaced political parties. Newspapers, television, columnists, and commentators, he thinks, have taken over the business of selecting and building up candidates, and evaluating and disciplining public officials. Within the context of that thinking, this is who happened at 1975 and the first half of 1979.

The national press, which had been

largely responsible for keeping Carter's elevation to the presidency, concluded that the cavalry from Georgia simply wasn't up to the job. The obvious Democratic alternative was Kennedy, who seemed to meet the press's standards of competence and electability.

The one standard that Kennedy did not meet, at first, was electability. He had his own political timetable, which climaxed with a run for the presidency in 1980, as he expected it—a relatively easy run after two moderately successful Carter terms, at a time when Americans might be more receptive to liberal government. Following almost a decade of uncompromising conservatism, but under the press's glare, Carter looked up that schedule by steadily deepening the national state years of blunder one two and a half years.

For the press's purposes, it did not matter when Kennedy wanted—or what he said. The last remaining Kennedy of his generation

was simply called a candidate. It was possible, it was broadcast, therefore it was. Irresistible, a because true. The message to persuade for Kennedy's possible candidacy began in the late spring as Carter's poll popularity slipped toward 30 percent—the polls being an abstract anxiety transformed into reality by the press.

So there we are. What happens next is predicted on two games. The press, organized, will continue to drive Jimmy Carter into the ground like a sickle, and political events will now be determined largely by "the rules." We are going to begin hearing about the rules very soon—they are complex and confusing, a maze of primary filing dates, caucus procedures, write-in rules, techniques, timing mechanisms, and financial restrictions, and they are sometimes subject to change.

But the rules are imposed. I think them, so

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Sooner rather than later, the press will  
turn on Kennedy and begin accusing him of  
misleading the American people.

I had them researched for me for this article by Christopher Lasch.

Thus, this, a man's likely to happen  
not—of Kennedy has his way.  
Kennedy will continue to deny that he is  
a candidate but in progressively softer  
terms. And he will continue to say that he  
supports Carter—as much as any reasonable  
man can. It will be a truly rational  
balance because Kennedy will still have to  
assume that he will not be a declared  
candidate at that if he declares, it will be  
on February 27 and March 1, 1980.  
These five days—February 27 to March  
1—have to be Kennedy's target. By then,  
1,425 of the 1,331 delegates to the Demo-  
cratic National Convention will be in  
their way to the final selection of the  
final stage—that is, some will have been  
elected to the New Hampshire primary  
and the others will not be able to commit  
to Kennedy because of ongoing state  
congressional or expanded caucus-filing de-  
adlines. He can reasonably hope—that is  
to hope—that perhaps 500 of those delegates  
will informally or secretly be Kennedy  
votes. Most of the rest will be for Carter  
with a few for Jerry Brown.

The point of the other Kennedy denial  
would be to encourage, to discreetly in-  
fluence, the selection and election of un-  
committed states of delegates and states  
pledged to Kennedy stand-in in regions  
such as the Puerto Rico, Boca Raton, and  
these states begin to declare allegiance  
before the New Hampshire primary election  
on February 26.

The soft-denial, uncommitted encourage-  
ment strategy would be designed to  
work for "the voters"—that is, the mass.  
Kennedy could cite to challenge Carter  
after declaring for so long that he would  
The event in this case, would almost cer-  
tainly be a post-partying strategy by  
Carter against Brown in New Hampshire.  
Kennedy would then declare his candidacy  
to preserve some semblance of party unity  
That declaration would come before  
March 4, the filing deadline for candidates  
in Wisconsin and Tennessee—and the date  
of the Massachusetts primary, in which  
state will certainly be a strong uncommitted  
state unofficially backing Kennedy.

So the declared Kennedy candidate  
would kick off with a big win in his home  
state, Florida—at least in terms of tradi-  
tional old politics—the only thing Kennedy  
would have to do to make that strategy  
work would be to prevent Carter from  
winning as an overwhelming majority of  
the 1,425 delegates and delegate candidates  
in the states after Puerto Rico that take  
action on or before February 26 (Illinois,  
Massachusetts, Florida, New Hampshire,  
Connecticut, Georgia, North Carolina,

Pennsylvania, Vermont, Kansas, Alabama,  
South Carolina, Puerto Rico, and New  
York have filing deadlines before that date.  
Iowa, Mississippi, Maine, Minnesota, and  
Nevada have preliminary delegate-selec-  
tion caucuses by then New York's filing  
deadline may be changed to a later date,  
which would be to Kennedy's advantage.)  
Winning until just before the Massachu-  
setts primary to declare as a free winner  
that given Kennedy several options to stay  
out gracefully or to enter with a minimum  
of political risk and turmoil. But the new  
political losses—the press—have their  
own agenda, whether Kennedy likes it or  
not. This is it.

Sooner rather than later, the press will  
turn on Kennedy and begin accusing him  
of misleading the American people. This  
is the danger of misreading of events with  
the American people. There will be no  
place for him to hide while friends and  
supporters express uncommitted states,  
fire up states in caucuses, and carry out  
the massive and expensive political ad-  
vertising necessary to attack voters with  
techniques in several states and how to  
vote for Kennedy by actually voting for an  
uncommitted state in Ohio. The press,  
having decided Kennedy should run in  
1980, will then force him to run like a  
man—in the open. "Covering" is one of the  
tasks that the writer who can stay from  
Chapultepec cannot serve.

Kennedy, I think, will be able to win  
for the 1980 New Hampshire primary  
and a relatively steady victory into the  
beginning of Carter. He will have to create  
his own event—a collection of Carter  
criticisms, get ratings, and the focus of  
1980 Democratic candidates who think the  
party (owning themselves) will go down  
the drain with Jimmy on election day.

The readings of these stated candi-  
dates—715 voters will well—will pro-  
vide the fodder for the caucuses of the  
press.

We should expect the announcement  
just before the new year. It will be some-  
thing like the hypothetical story with  
which I've let off this column. Then, after  
the New Hampshire primary, we should  
expect Vice-President Walter Mondale's  
announcement. Jimmy Carter, who will  
have withdrawn as a candidate for reelec-  
tion the day before, will be there with  
Harrison and Roosevelt and a half dozen  
other delegates who will say that  
they declare Carter delegates are really Mon-  
dale delegates. But that's another  
story. Mondale will tell a to his grandchild  
in the states after Puerto Rico that day when  
they ask why he was never President.

Richard Rorty is the national editor of *Riviera*  
magazine.

Personal Finance

by William Flanagan

# What to Do with Cash...

When you haven't decided yet what you really want to do with it

A flood of new just got an advance of  
\$15,000 for a bank she is writing. She  
called me to find out what to do with the  
money. (Since I have been writing about  
personal finance for some years she re-  
sponded, I might be able to answer. Such is  
the way money works.)

She did not want to tie up the money be-  
cause the plan to buy a house soon. So  
Treasury bills and six-month bank certifi-  
cates of deposit were out. So was the stock  
market, in which she felt she had made  
large donations over the years. A savings  
bank would give only 3.5 percent interest  
on a passbook account. Was there any  
place the cash could be better without risk?

For issue I had the answer. I would have  
been in sleeping under a rock for the past  
year not to know that a money market  
fund is the ideal place to park cash these  
days. These mutual funds, which invest  
solely in short-term money market instru-  
ments, offer relative safety, instant liqui-  
dity, and at present a very high yield.

Currently, because interest rates have re-  
sponded to high money market funds have  
been averaging between 9.5 and 10 per-  
cent annual yields. That's a big deal. In  
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dity, and at present a very high yield.

If money market funds would like a  
good bet to you, you are not alone. At the  
end of last year the total net assets of money  
market funds were just over \$10 billion. They  
are now some \$30 billion—that is more  
money than the entire gross national prod-  
uct of Iceland.

The fact that money funds are mutual  
funds might cause the panic of many a  
personal investor. Mutual funds that invest  
in stocks have cost retail investors a lot of  
money over the last decade. But money  
market funds are limited to certain types of  
monoculture and stocks are not among  
them. They can generally invest only in  
short-term obligations of banks, corporations,  
and the United States government.

These debt instruments—short term Treas-  
uries, money market funds, and so on—will  
be able to afford them on their own. The



invested paid on these short-term obliga-  
tions is compared daily and credited to the  
investor as the fund after a small manage-  
ment fee (often less than one percent) is de-  
ducted. With most funds, that is the only  
cost to the investor. There are minimal or  
no charges for getting in and out of a fund.  
Money funds are not new, of course.  
They have been around as number since  
1974. But when short-term interest rates  
are high—as they have been recently—the

funds take in cash faster than Penn. In a  
single week in July, for example, the funds  
took in almost \$1.2 billion. But be warned  
that short-term rates can fluctuate widely.  
In 1974, for example, the funds typically  
averaged yields of almost 10 percent. In  
1975, the average net yield was 7.1 percent.  
In 1976, it was 5.5 percent, and in 1977, it  
was just over 5 percent, which was almost  
exactly what a passbook savings account  
would have fetched you then. In 1978, the

## Biggest Money Market Funds for Individual Investors

Fund	Yield (Percentage)	Assets (Millions)	Minimum Investment
Mutual Lynch Easy Access 165 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10040 (800) 631-7748	9.35	\$4,950	\$5,000
Fidelity Easy Income Fund 62 Devonshire Street Boston, Mass. 02109 (800) 223-6180	9.6	5,825	5,000
Investment Liquid Assets 131 Liberty Street New York, N.Y. 10006 (800) 223-3585	9.8	1,756	5,000
Dreyfus Liquid Assets 405 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022 (800) 223-0303	9.6	1,544	2,500
The Reserve Fund 80 Seventh Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016 (800) 223-5547	9.4	1,345	1,000

William Flanagan writes a regular column  
on financial matters.

Illustration by Larry Weil

[illegible]

## How Much of a Raise to Stay Even

You don't have to be an accountant to figure out that the 10 percent wage guideline that Jimmy Carter suggested will rapidly put you in the poorhouse—so long as inflation continues along at 10 percent or so. The table at right shows just how much more of an increase in pay you needed this year just to stay even. When you figure in Social Security increases, taxes, and the cost of inflation, you might be to receive 11 to 12 percent more just to have the same buying power you had twelve months ago. If you aren't, your standard of living is actually dropping.

The table assumes that you are married, filing a joint return, and using the standard tax deduction.

To Keep Up with 10-Percent Inflation			
Gross Wages	Income Tax (1979)	Social Security	Net Pay
\$15,000	\$ 2,659	\$ 920	\$11,421
20,000	3,529	1,228	15,243
25,000	4,431	1,498	19,071
30,000	5,358	1,768	22,874
35,000	6,288	2,038	26,674
40,000	7,226	2,308	30,466
45,000	8,176	2,578	34,246
50,000	9,139	2,848	37,993

\*If you did not get at least this much of a raise in 1979, your disposable income actually shrank. Source: Arthur Young & Company

change rapidly—so, can the price. Although many funds have been flying out of government securities, some funds still specialize in them. For example, Capital Preservation Fund, 459 Hamilton Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301, invests strictly in government securities. Recently, it has averaged 100 percent in Treasury paper. So that is one way to get Treasury bills and notes without tying up your money for six months.

According to Domergue, the potential investor should look at the variables of the S&P formula: safety, liquidity, and yield when evaluating funds. There are also two

other factors to bear in mind when choosing a fund. The first is whether or not you can write checks against your account. This option is offered by many funds and, in effect, allows you to use the fund as a bank. The second is whether or not the fund permits you to move assets from one type of fund to another—often from the money market fund to, say, a stock fund.

The first consideration, check writing, is significant. Many funds permit it, with the maximum allowable check often being \$500. By using this feature, you can get close to instant access to money that might be dormant in a checking account

until the time you want to use it.

The second feature, the exchange privilege, which allows for shifting from one kind of fund to another, is only important to certain investors. If you have a Knight Fund or an Individual Retirement Account from which you cannot remove your money, the exchange privilege could be useful.

A final consideration in picking a fund is simply geography. If you ever have any serious problems with your account, you might want the fund to be conveniently located for a personal visit to square things away. Note: Not all funds are sold at every state. Check prospectuses carefully. —B



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## Ethics

by Harry Stein

# Kiss, Kiss, Grovel, Grovel

How far should a man go to flatter his boss?

The summer of 1976 was gaily with spectacle, what with the Bicentennial and football, but as far as I was concerned, the most interesting development of all was the sight of a string of Democratic vice-presidential aspirants looking down in Plains, Georgia, to be looked over by Jimmy Carter, who was about to be sworn in for President. After each naming, Carter led his guest from the house into the Ford yard to meet the assembled press, and each nominee, wearing uncharacteristically casual clothes (just like the ones I'm wearing) and glancing Jimmy's way as he spoke, blithely proceeded to lose his dignity. John Glenn kept repeating how happy he was to be there, Ed Markey, facing what would surely be his last shot at national office, said that he and Jimmy were on the same "wavelength," and Walter Mondale—his chance apparently to supplant because some Carter advisers reportedly had at one instant—explained that he had never really supported losing after all but only believed in upholding the ratings of the courts.

Now, as groveling goes, this was all pretty tame stuff. In fact, members of the Map Club, the Boston politicking club that was dissolved when the current regime took over—and so stood up and their every time the show opened them to enact a new piece of legislation, and later, when they were told by the spokesman that all they had to do to be granted amnesty was to write out a complete list of their crimes, they stood up and cheered again.

Still, there was something disconcerting about the Plains thing, about watching a group of men—whose federal crimes I was to lead the forum of freedom—planning their faces with little grins and nodding to someone they hardly knew.

But what was even more disconcerting was the public response to this spectacle. No one seemed to mind it a bit. Indeed, most of what little press comment I saw at the time praised Carter, for experiencing with the awkward attention process, and his guests, for seeking themselves to be available to groups of men.

There's a cynical case of mind would, of course, maintain that anyone who ex-



posed some other reaction had to be a fact.

"You," my friend Ralph told me when I expressed some disappointment over the events in Plains, "are a fool." Ralph pointed for a moment and confided: "You are also a pathetic pig. Kissing and groveling is the lifeblood of the spirit, the vehicle in which one rides up every corporate ladder. Groveling is what keeps America moving."

An overstatement, perhaps, that everyone spends his life making up to others. Still, it is a hard to argue with Ralph's point of view.

The syndrome becomes apparent as early as the third grade. There's always that one despicable kid, that one worm, whose aim is constantly in the air, winning up indignantly in pleasure that it looks as if it might get out of its sector. In college, the number of spectators completely astonished for six or seven times, with only a modest change in their modes of approval of unimpressive decisions. They sit there—as an eager, bright-eyed way that is supposed to convey interest. By the time one begins working, it seems that almost everyone is looking for an edge—something too much or trying too hard to be seen working late or spending too readily with sales associates or waiting for superiors to pronounce judgment before offering up one's own.

But at what cost? Is it possible to spend a good part of one's life in just one's favor to fit the taste of others and at the same time remain—drop down where the bosses' eyes don't—close-independent, self-determined, pure?

That is not to say opinion to answer, and it's no wonder that, when confronted with it, many people prefer to deal with the far simpler question of existence. "My boss not only wants fidelity, he wants it," a woman bank teller of my acquaintance says, "so when I flatter him, I basically regard it as his problem."

"Listen," agrees a friend of mine, an advertising copywriter, "the higher up people are, the more insecure they tend to be. The simple fact is, people almost always see the problems in much on the basis of politics in action."

"There's a fine line," adds someone else, "between servility and diplomacy. When you don't know how to relate to a superior, being obsequious is the easier way."

"Do you dare to kiss me to get ahead?" asks Ralph. "Well, in most places there's maybe one guy who doesn't. Either he's very, very good or he's the boss's son."

Okay, fine. In the wide world of self-indulgence, all such excuses wear very well. This is an imperfect place. Sometimes you do have to grovel a little. Who can argue with that?

But, oddly, the point, the elusive point, comes most sharply into focus with every such conversation, each act of evasion is a self-indulgence of the safety dependence process. In the end, the line is unworkable. With every advance you laugh at, with every lesson established primarily for individual's sake, you give away a bit of soul.

Let us return, for just a moment, to the speech of Ed McMahon, recently giving the most successful yes-no in history. Ed's job, as every schoolchild knows, is to guffaw loudly and applaud a lot and do whatever the boss is to be done to keep someone else's ego soaring. Over the years, Ed

Harry Stein is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Illustration by Joe Morone





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## Books

# Long Letters, Lost Liberty, Languid Love

## Barth's Mail

by Geoffrey Wolff

John Barth needs, as translators like to say, an introduction. His first novel since *Giles Goat-Boy* (1966) is, as publishers like to say, an event. *Letters* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$26.95, to be published October 6) is a big event, almost half a million words, 664 pages, seven years in its making. Its subtitle, fixed embedded in its account: *Forcing the tale, its author's long: An Old Time Apocalyptic Novel by John Barth (as Barth & Davidson) each of which has its own story*.

Deconstructed, then, there is yet another fiction whose principal purpose is to regard itself, to finger (and/or lovingly, often contemporarily) its own artifice, to play the venerable madcap game of letters and to, in keeping with his preoccupation with what he has called "misplaced" literary forms, the "used options" of, say, the paranoiac novel, which he explored and parodied in *The Sea-Wolf* (1948). Barth has chosen to fuse an apocalyptic novel.

Barth's *Letters* is nothing if not implausible. Five of its seven correspondents are characters or the descendants of characters from Barth's previous fictions. Todd Andrews of *The Floating Opera* (1955), Barth's first novel; Jacob Horner, makers of *The End of the Road* (1953); A. B. Cook, whose ancestor Ebenzer roams through *The Sea-Wolf* (1948); Jerome May, an evasive creature of the computer that saved Giles in *Giles Goat-Boy*; and Anne Merich, kinematics of the author's imaginative capricious and a character in the serial short fictions called *Lost in the Paradise* (1954). A sixth character is called "The Author" or "John Barth." The first letter, addressing the character John Barth home to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he grew up, comes from a Jewish mathematician of distinguished background, late middle years, and robust convictions—Lady Ashkenazi. She offers him an honorary degree from a community college in June of 1969. His refusal, explaining that another Maryland university has offered him a job at Le D, which he has accepted. The real John Barth got a Le D from the University of Maryland in 1969.

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Geoffrey Wolff is *Esquire's* book critic.

Illustration by The X Press



The "John Barth" of *Letters* is an autobiographical fragment, or fragment. Lady Ashkenazi, I think, is a whole-cloth fiction. *Letters* is only referenced. I cannot imagine a reader ignorant of Barth's previous fictions able to comprehend it or willing to feel through it Barth's courage and shyness and not in question. In a recent conversation with his friend and fellow novelist John Hawkes, Barth discussed the varieties of risk run by a serious writer:

There is another order of risk which I take only by doing it with a work of great length with complex preambles, can say like the reader. Long novels which I personally dislike (and sometimes write) have almost nothing to be said for them. Yet as a writer I agree with a remark of William S. Burroughs: the great is by its own to the audience, rarely set in itself—the world is comprehensible only in itself, finally, to the object.

Longly to *Letters* demanded a daunting complexity of plot and time. The author explains:

But every letter has two lines, that of its writing and that of its reading, which may be as separate as when the post office does its job. The very tale will almost always when the writer were told what the reader reads. And to the order of *Letters* before get a third line is added, the writer's idea of composition, which will not fully correspond to the intended effect.

Then, the "new" of *Letters* is seven months, March through September in 1969. Seven months seven letters in the word "letters," seven correspondents, correspondence everywhere. These letters come, are misread, misread, written in code and cryptic, distorted. The author, like his characters, is a man of letters. He is a Doctor of Letters, with theories about letters' forms and devices.

Barth has been stranded, sometimes helpfully, by the substance. The Robt Goldberg fictional device of *John Barth's* holds that huge novel, they create *Letters*. By now Barth knows better. In his conversation with Hawkes, he said:

I have the notion in my head, simple, simple. That is a kind of simplicity—it's all Barth's with it—which defines in writing itself something complicated to see if we can long from off rising the bar over higher in the jump in it if we can offer it with some heat and grace and perhaps power as well. The first kind of simplicity, then, can be as much complex as it can be as it can be simple. I thought surely that was the most I got. (Barth, "Letters," I would believe that simplicity. I did not it will have to wait for the next.)

I will have to wait for the next. With the exception of *The End of the Road*, *Letters* is the only work by Barth for which I find no allusion. Its antecedents were complicated to me, surprising and. It feels the same gusto that has characterized his fictions since *The Sea-Wolf*. The prose, as precise and carefully wrought as you might expect, is also the, metaphorical. Lady Ashkenazi, discussing her current car with Anne Merich, comes most interestingly in life, but the best race of mistaken writing belongs to Todd Andrews, in a series of letters to his dead father, describing with love a cruise along the Eastern Shore and up the rivers of Chesapeake Bay before he kills himself, as he later killed himself in *The Floating Opera*.

Barth is the reader lost without a day what is and in his work, what is merely systematic. From "Life-Story," as *Letters* in the *Paradise*, comes that direct address to the reader, almost a Barthesian signature or, another excellent device he does so.





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**PIONEER MONTH SALE!**

On page 3 he's a bad guy, then you have to look forward to an actor who won't. In Anna Kauldi Brando's *Anna for Bradley* (Crown, \$10), we learn that Marlon Brando is "not well appeared," is "acidic," and was hardly ever home for dinner (which has headlines, since he rarely sticks up till after lunch), but he never misses, from opinions on what a possible partner for Marlon is, and a flustered exposed reference to this man's interest in mystery—that he's really acting but a polysexual and that he'll stick it into any part in the movie, up to and including a chick. Anna wouldn't mind, she explains, except that she feels his behavior is bound to hurt their now twenty-one-year-old son, whom she always called Dave and Marlon always called Christina (after the boy's godfather, Christina Marciano, the French director and very close friend of Marlon's). Anna and Marlon were married for about a year and a half back in the Fifties, but it has taken her all that time to give us *The Book*. She probably would have kept what follows except that she took an overdose of drugs recently and was in the hospital for a month or so and when she was all better, she knew the world need no longer go on in ignorance. She decided to tell all.

Anna and her coauthor, E. P. Snow, authoritatively go into the story of Brando's entire life and how his father hung around him, and then the reader is turned out to be such a nut. The book includes details of how no screenplay, movie, dramatic, studio, or fellow actor involved with Brando was safe once he came onto the scene. It tells of all the other young girls, all the elegant children, all the suicide attempts, ways sleeping pills brought up and down Mulholland Drive at midnight, and on and on and on the night of legal papers signed at length. The last third of the book is devoted to the reader's judgment and leaves and what a her Brando was but how everyone believed him because he was Brando and he was only the little son trying to make his son and not take too many pills.

Describing her appearance on their first date, she and Snow write: "He belated a strategical kiss on the cheek, steady legs and moved with an aquatic stride that conveyed a powerful yet bewitching grace. (Roughly defined, strategical means he isn't.) Nevertheless, she lets him take her out to dinner, and when more than two cocktails later she goes to bed with him out of "cavalry" and he is a dad, you'd think she'd call it a day and date someone better acquainted.

But if the last, where would we be today? All her beautiful laughter would have been lost. Such as

Ann Babin's new novel *San and Ryan*. Advice to Young Ladies Eager for a Good Time, published by Knopf.



"In short, Marlon Brando is a modern political grotesque, contradictory, impossible."

"Marlon's sexual anti-frank compares several shades from."

"Marlon reserves his favors for Ottomans, Latins, blacks, Polytechnics, and Indians, both and all men. When I accused him of choosing a 'vicious' woman in part was to satisfy his need for superiority feelings he was intended."

"Marlon flaunted his dominance of women by humbling them whenever they dared display an independent mind."

"And let me tell you."

"A naive young girl probing her way through the world meets the naive seducer."

"Well, get more exactly—more like a B-movie advertisement."

Anna Kauldi was born in Calcutta in 1934 of "an unrequited affair" between her mother and father. When she was eight, she went to London to study, and though she was supposedly a naive young girl probing her way through the London School of Economics, she ran off to Paris with an Italian jet pilot. Unfortunately, in Paris she met her real father, who was supposed to be home in India with Mom. Dad cut her off without a penny. Anna was forced into "modeling," a pursuit she explains by saying she couldn't type. Luckily, Spencer Tracy agreed to cast her in a comedy with him. When the cast and crew moved from their location in Cleveland to the Paramount sound stage, she was whisked off to Hollywood. A week later, she was sitting in the Paramount commissary with her red son and receiving her own lawsuit when from across the room (where he was entering Eve Marie Saint), the shy seducer clapped eyes on her. She did not, she says, even know who he was the first time he called and they went out, but it was a long before someone told her, and perhaps who he was outweighed his disfigurement so how could he not, all right and strategical.

When I was sixteen, I took up with a kind of casual Hollywood starlet who was all older than I (and old, like twenty-two or there). They spent their days working on sets at The Beverly Hills Hotel Club and drinking fabulous amounts for someone who crossed them in any way at all. They spent their nights drinking martinis and wearing big dresses with necklines so low that their bulging breasts were all anyone could think about. They drove Thunderbirds, drank cabernet, and always knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was a price for them, a handsome, rich, clever, big prize who was famous, had famous friends, and drove a Cadillac convertible down the Sunset Strip in the afternoons looking in just on the radio. A man with a huge impressive who was never unfidely present.

And a man who most home to dinner and stayed home, not like the man who was always running around with Rita Moreno—who left her wig in the bed—so, as Anna tells us Marlon would have been perfect except that he had other ideas. But from this—among these vicious stereotypes—Marlon was the ultimate score.

Not a single one of these girls found a prince—including Anna Kauldi. In her mixture of round comments and quotes from Pauline Kael put in half so that they say the opposite of what was meant, Anna seems to speak for all of them—one long wall of howling outrage. A taste against the reality of the way things turned out compared with how they should have been. Marlon Brando has "lost (at least) of course, this," she screams, and he did it in the back in Paris (because The world is no longer to be kept as a promise of all Anna has offered).

Perhaps there's something marvelous and latent about Anna and my victim one let friends, cut her blood and evening up the score so long after everyone has gone home that we do worry when we realize that Anna, though she's out of the boy's pen Brando-wise, might be something better with this B. P. Miss genius convincing her book. Anna seems to have a final flourish for sticking with the hopeless. But this time, instead of winding up in divorce, it ends up, after pages and pages and pages of news, who wants to hear Anna and E. P. Snow's critical essay on *Andrew Lloyd*, a book.

I was almost gagging with relief upon coming across one would hold out during a time when Anna and Marlon were recently estranged. "Newspapers played up the news of Brando's two loves—Frances Noyes and Barbara Lums. Miss Noyes employed her usual waitress for the press, while Barbara Lums withdrew with grace. Asked her feeling for Marlon, she replied, 'You see us love with him.'"

Oh, Barbara Lums, tell us everything. What was he really like? —



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## ESQUIRE

# INTRODUCING THE POSTPONING GENERATION

## THE TRUTH ABOUT TODAY'S YOUNG MEN

by Gail Sheehy

**Y**oung men aren't the same anymore. A new dream swept out of the social apocalypse of the Sixties and has been progressively softening the edges of the old success mold, or, depending on your point of view, the new dream has been eating away at the old mold like some invisible chemical until they don't want it's too late.

I began to pick up traces of the new dream among young men of the postconsumer culture as I moved around the country on a two-year pilgrimage after the publication of *Passages*, my study of the major changes that occur throughout adult life. I was looking for, among other things, the great postponing gestures by which people attempt to put their lives together now that we all have some notion of the adult life cycle. What I stumbled upon was some notable changes in the expectations of American men under the age of thirty.

- They don't want to work hard.
- They demand more time for "personal growth."
- They are obsessed by what they call "trade-offs" in life.
- They dream of achieving the perfectly balanced life, in which there is time for love and leisure and children and personal enjoyment and playing lots of tennis.
- Their new happiness formula expresses itself in a startling way:

*Gail Sheehy, a contributing editor of Esquire, is the author of *Passages: Predictable Crisis of Adult Life*.*

of values. Highest on the list of personal qualities that young men consider important is "being loving." Downward in the bottom of the list of qualities they care to cultivate are "being ambitious" and "being able to lead effectively."

Not that their goal for becoming postideological protest men—men of many forms—should interfere with the old mission. They take a comfortable life as a given.

**T**he program for the new dream isn't ready for the computer yet. Its young protagonists have no models. The very assumptions they begin with run already counter to those accepted by their fathers.

By and large, none of their fathers' generation believed in the intrinsic value of work and in life patterns based on gender. Assuming responsibility early for wives and families, most of them pumped on the fast and narrow corporate track and ran for thirty years or so before expecting their just reward.

Following their fathers' route to happiness is soon by many younger men as a fate marginally better than early suicide.

"If I thought I was going to be doing this for the next forty years, I'd probably shoot myself right now" is a typical sentiment made by professional-managerial men under thirty. They dream waking up at the age of fifty-five from the money-power-dream scenario and they watched their fathers pursue to find they have only a few years left to enjoy life between the first and the final heart attack.

—Text continued on page 27



**C**lose to 2,000 men over the age of eighteen participated in the Esquire survey. Self-selected, assigned with themselves to spend the two hours of self-inspiration the questionnaire demanded, they drew profiles composed of their expectations, values, passions and fears, the life patterns they are choosing, and the premises they are working together with writers' descriptions of the method now and ten years from now.

The largest single age group represented, heavily self-selected, were between age twenty and twenty-eight. Their profile looks varied and support to the broad conclusion I have drawn here.

Fully three quarters of the 2,001 respondents volunteered to be interviewed personally. That suggests to me an intense curiosity about where this new dream may be taking them. These are not the pessimists. They come out of middle class (42 percent) and lower-middle-class (25 percent) families programmed for upward mobility. But they are aware of the programming and, at the very best, ambivalent about it. They are broadly educated: 34.8 percent can read at least two degrees after their senior, 13 percent more have had at least some graduate education, and the vast total of the whole sample have at least a bachelor's degree. 80 percent of the whole sample of the United States, only 15 percent have graduated from college.

Nearly half of these young men have chosen traditional three-pronged professions: 23.3 percent are professional managers and 19 percent are doctors or lawyers or others with advanced degrees. The rest most common groups (14 percent) is a collection of (unlabeled) types in various professions, including writers, artists, designers, and craftsmen. Others said their living in the burgeoning social service industry (17 percent) or they held white-collar (14 percent) or blue-collar (7 percent) jobs, while 5 percent are still students.

These are men who have a choice. If they do not it is necessary most of them have a shot at being writers or artists in life—by the old standards. But if they choose not to play by the old rules, what then? Of course, one can't take them in their word. Talk is cheap, and what they actually make the new deal and live with it a while, one must be skeptical.

Nevertheless, the very fact that in a questionnaire on future self-possibilities is strongly influenced by what the respondents think is socially desirable—a majority of young men of means and opportunity consider it usually desirable to say they are not writers.

*"The questionnaire took me a year to develop and, as before, before it was printed, I was constantly in danger of being asked to resign. To young writers, I thought about others were assigned from David Salzman's 'What Writers' said' and with his permission. The completed 'What Writers' said' is available from Modern Times, 413 Kensington Drive, San Francisco, California 94117, and is available in 'The Nation of Modern Times' (New York, 1975). Computer work on my questionnaire was done under the supervision of the Philip Sherry professor and coordinator of the program in social psychology at New York University, who worked with Carol Kachner, Ph.D., and Gail Pyle, Ph.D., and Jeffrey Johnson.*

you don't want to read, don't want to work hard, do what you want to do on your own, do what you want to be more living but don't want the responsibility of taking care of a family it is that a change worthy of now.

When asked to choose the three most important lifetime goals from a list of sixteen values, the young men chose a more of accomplishment, a comfortable life, and nature love. The only difference in the long-range goals of the older men is their emphasis on family security over nature love. And so the lifetime goals are remarkably similar for men of all ages: it is the young men's choice of values that is dramatically changed.

To be a person man now, however, to be a person in the company of 20 years ago, would be to live in the world he would not do so with the parents' order of priorities. Nor do many of them find it easy to overcome traditional values. Ambition at that work therefore becomes a very high priority for young men, and it remains mostly in the service.

Fully 25 percent of the entire Esquire sample are self-employed. They seem to be looking for a goal in order to be an owner. They are also in the sort of colored and not too capitalistic that would allow them to put their own values into the product and be grateful of the company in the same way. The part of the new dream is already showing, people's reality. Men who are their own business, they are in the survey among those happy with their lives.

A self-taught last emphasis on work shows up even more clearly in answers to other questions. If the young professions and managerial men who dominate this sample had their way, they would work no more than six hours a day. The older men, they would double the hours they spend each day. If they have two, they want four. Thus, they would say, as much time as they can possibly spend to work on personal growth.

One third of the Esquire respondents have household incomes over \$25,000, many between the \$15,000 and \$20,000 income of workers. Another 30.3 percent have household incomes between \$15,000 and \$25,000. And 18.6 percent earn less than \$10,000. The weighted mean income is \$15,000. The majority of the last part men enjoy money more than that, while the last part men are concerned only in the saving goals below.

You are probably wondering how a survey can separate the same varied men from the last unutilized part. A self-selection scale forms the spine of the questionnaire. One third of all the questions asked continue to say the degree of well-being a person experiences in very different dimensions of life work, love, children, finances, personal growth, and so on, while also measuring the degree of personal control, happiness, and responsibility in the same experience. A few items on the last part are only on how unutilized a person age it is with their things but also on how he compares with all other respondents. Because the scale is composed of so many questions—twenty-four to be exact—it is more precise and reliable than a single direct question. It is also less subject to the distortion, particularly by the respondents' tendency to present themselves in a socially desirable way.—G.B.

Bill no, they say, they don't buy that old beer drink. And so they are walking in a new time.

Yet, prosperity is taken for granted by these young men. In fact a certain degree of economic freedom is considered absolutely essential for the new dream to flourish, and here is the beginning of the problem. The most aggressive pursuers of the new dream have insisted that their freedom is to come by consciously rejecting personal commitments, particularly by refusing to have children, which would sap their energy economically.

While older men assumed immediate responsibility and postponed gratification, young men want a second round gratification now and responsibility later. In the absence of children for the new income, they are turning back to Norman Vincent Pease and yes! back to the Bible and Darwin, showing up their reserves of positive thinking and grasping a case for big capitalism. Above all, they are determined to have time for everything.

Nowhere are the changed attitudes more pronounced than among those of the most aggressively mobile fathers, and that is the women 41 around among the nearly 2,000 respondents to a questionnaire I sent in the July, 1974, issue of Esquire. (See box on page 36.)

A computer analyzed the questionnaire responses and spread out for parents all the results, giving me some interesting leads to the man-on-the-go young professionals. But they were only leads. All the creative control situations in the world one will tell you only how people want freedom to be or where themselves to be. Questionnaires cannot tell you how people are.

To get a more complete picture, I decided to talk to thirty young men. Twenty were chosen from the Esquire sample of eight men to twenty men. For comparison, I also chose ten men from the top and ten from the bottom of the life-satisfaction scale built into the questionnaire. (See box on page 33.) Not to place too much emphasis on the questionnaire-measured results, I sought referrals to and pursued into more young men who were comparable in education and interest on emotional problems, or at least across similar to those of the Esquire men.

I got to know these thirty young men in the field, I noticed something else. Of all these present a portrait that is laid-back at one angle or another, but beneath the laid-back, there is, in edge. To maintain the appearance of being laid-back, the new professionals take a life of laid-back with the old goal of unconscious time and without personal space, of lonely or staged but loving relationships, of the body as simple and the mind as untroubled. The personal experience and of somebody out there to pay the bills. But underneath, eating through the rhythm, is the right vision often inhibited by their fathers.

I gave you a taste in part a young man I will call David, product of a suburban New York upbringing, affluent background. Four years out of college, he had become a man one of the Washington bureau of a major American newspaper by covering the greatest asteroid of the decade, our government's energy policy. Demographically speaking, David is young, twenty-seven, and wants more than \$20,000 a year, but that does not begin to describe the trouble or which is personally meaningful. "Confused—what the word?" he says as he looks back at a red velvet couch and props his feet, each enclosed in a single sheet of Indian leather, on the coffee table of his office lounge. David is a liberal liberal. He was never a hippie. On the contrary, he is a sociopolitically golden, not a trace of a political statement written

in front but upon his energy skin. He explains that his parents, who were radicals when the flower children were making the values of personal autonomy in the 1960s, absorbed a whole new layer of values.

"It is such a part of our consciousness in the overreaching drive of our parents, he says. 'We've got back. The two strains have run together and produced a very complex people. Some have dropped out and gone to beautiful places to do nothing. Some stay in the net but are deeply into psychoanalysis.'

"And you?" I ask him.  
"I ask myself. What am I doing for this? Why am I just living on Mother's World and waiting until it is over?" David says he should do a now, stop by the standards of the old days, he has already reached the top. Well, not the top, but he has done as well as anybody he has seen yet—and so what? He sees himself as just another of the black-and-white spokes in a wheeling and turning system to spin its wheels.

"The principal difference between my contemporaries and our parents' generation is that they believed what they were doing was full of purpose and values," he observes. "I don't think we did ourselves. We have more of a sense of how limited and of most purposes what we are doing probably is."

When television tells us that when he is bored? He switches channels, changes images, interrupts the stream of linear flow. David thinks about hearing to Martin Vnujic in terms of a life style that is separate but equally interesting in an social

purpose." He adds that he was 19 and at age three doing nothing and drinking all day long.

"You got to do something of relevance, you know," he says.

"What might that be?" I say.  
"Well, playing tennis." He wasn't kidding.  
"Would you worry about self-fulfillment?" I ask.  
"I don't think I would consider myself overfulfilled. My life would be my generation. I would be a man who is achieving, but respect for people who manage to create meaningful lives for themselves doing something other than work. My contemporaries are being laid-back in a firm."

Like many of his contemporaries, David is all much interested in money and has invested in his own children, as he has been to use comfortably on a whole lot of money, but as a family man he would have to figure it. On how he would support it as an American's Vnujic he is typically wary but confident. "I'd open a little business if I had to or start a little newspaper."  
There is no reason of concern in the personal life of the young man. You see, the whole idea is to stay rather close to his parents' a comfortable life. As David says, "I would only do it if I have enough money really would be an issue."

**S**elf-determined? Self-aware? Self-fulfilled? Self-actualized? Self-actualized? How shall it be? How shall it be? When Brother Billy Graham enters this generation was his Book of Value Adjustments?

Everyone at home in down on Gary Mezey for being with him. He adds a "temporary self-adjustment." After college, he came home to Philadelphia, where he had his last year in the law's old set and was still in. But Gary dreamed with old-fashioned anxiety of making a "major contribution to society," and it was not immediately apparent how this could be achieved through young his father is the manufacturer of kitchen-cabinet doors. That way his goals of money and self-personal growth, which is not a popular trade-off







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Perhaps the last frontier is a new territory. Expression of this new territory is vaguely called "personal growth," by which is meant something like cultivation of multiple personas.

Stress-buster, broad-minded-dependent, lawyer-cop—the new currier may be one with the ability to shift personas as well, to do several different things well. Having personal fluidity in this context becomes particularly important: when no one trains the members of a society—the very institutions that have traditionally shaped the individual.

For the young generation of a society to be experimenting with a new dream is always a healthy sign. It suggests refinement, energy, hope. But if the full strength of the postposing generation's brain- and willpower remains harnessed always and exclusively in the service of self, what becomes of our social contract? How far will we go toward becoming a nation of men who can't see the forest, who grope for "personal space" and determine into furious fights over securing our own place in the race so that we can drift off into fantasies of self-half-dead?

Can't you hear the postponers saying, "What's one more of productivity, more or less? Let the other guy worry about the long-term public interest?"

When the strongest and strongest shoots of the society lean in that direction, what is truly in jeopardy is democracy. Not that the postposing generation is slow in its shift of responses to the old status—the work ethic, the bourgeois model of delayed

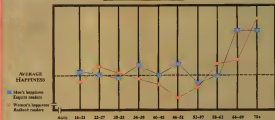
gratification, and the concept of responsibility to family. At this point, the change in impulses by which Americans mean themselves is perceptible in almost every social class and age group.

But it has always been the younger generation on whom we have relied to submerge its wish for unconcerned ease of social justice—and to call our bluff. If they do let us, the potential is very great for political exploitation by the oldest self-interest of all, that of the dominant social classes who seek to maintain their special privileges at the expense of the general public. The lean of the last-but-postponers toward their own leisure-time ideal—a postmodernist rather than an economic condition—plays perfectly into attacks on the welfare state by conservative ideologues. Both postponers and conservatives are concerned with protecting their own space. Too dissimilar in style ever to be supporters of political alliances, nevertheless the two forces could, by unspoken accord, fill the current vacuum of leadership with a form of self-deception.

Can't you hear the old conservatives whispering the postponers with "Fine, we'll stand the store. You run along and work on your backache?"

The two red will come when the postponers begin to outgrow the young man's dream, which is always presently concerned with personal advancement. The belated lives they talk about will be truly achieved only when they begin "taking off" their own growth with that of their followers and imitators. —G.S.

## THE LIFE-HAPPINESS GRAPH



Most of the nearly 2,000 questionnaire men who participated in the Gallup survey set off into adult life with optimism. They are generally happy because the signs of success and achievement, so they pull up roots, and through their own means. They let a slump in their late twenties and early thirties, when they meet a period of evaluation, leading them to the most happiness of all age. In between the late teens and early thirties, when they are pulled toward opportunity and are farthest apart around the late forties. Using the responses of the Gallup readers and 52,000 other readers, it was possible to plot representative life-happiness from the men and women. It is easy to see from their comparison on the graph that the diamond is a recurring pattern throughout middle life. When the women are in a down period, between thirty-four and thirty-nine and again between forty-two and fifty-one, the men are in an upswing.

It is some comfort to see the unambiguous happiness for both sexes toward the later part of the life cycle. Beginning through this may look on the graph, it is corroborated by personal interviews with both men and women beyond their mid-fifties. —G.S.

The Bar Room? The Four Seasons? Like the people who lunch here, the menu is sleek, sophisticated, and plays to understated elegance.



# AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL LUNCH

How the books you read, the clothes you wear, the wines you drink, begin at The Four Seasons



by Lee Eisenberg

To start with . . . some celebrated appetizers

Good day, Philip Johnson, William Frawley, Henry Grunwald! What are you doing for lunch?

And say, Clay Felton, Ben Myerson, Gene Shalit, anyone want to join a table? And you, Richard Snyder, Glenn

Beines, James Beard, and you, Michael Korda, Calvin Klein, Edgar Bronfman, and you, Jackie Onassis, Nelson Doubleday, Mark Goodson, and you, too, Oscar de la Renta, Louis Aragonese, Alvin Liebeson, anybody in the mood for grilled bluefish (old for mackerel, a cheap salad, a glass of white wine)?

Anybody in the mood for an exchange of perspectives and misinterpreted concepts? Anybody in the mood for a word that's all grace, all blemish, well-litening?

Our specialty today . . . fresh, new ideas

America's most powerful lunch is eaten in the grill on the Bar Room at The Four Seasons restaurant, on the ground floor of The Seagram Building, 300 Fifth Avenue, at Madison Avenue, at twenty-one or so tables, eighty-one doors dine on ideas: ideas for million-dollar book deals, ideas for punchy new ad campaigns, ideas for concrete new buildings in Atlanta or Houston, ideas for next life's haute con-

text, ideas for lobbying and marketing (the first were here and abroad. No doubt about it: it is the Bar Room at The Four Seasons, lunchtime champions from publishing, advertising, industry, education, and the wine business chomp on, savor, and digest big ideas as easily as they digest a nice piece of fish.

Understand that it isn't the food at this company who lunches in the Bar Room, most likely, it is the head thinker of a shop. Editors, creative directors, designers, writer-scholars—these are the lords and ladies who lunch. "Do not look for the BPA," says a Four Seasons press release, "but the 'behaviors.'" Says one of the owners, "Very often the editor in chief of a publishing house will call to ask that his publisher get a table." And then, day after day, at two-thirty or one, they come striding in: creative types from Simon and Schuster, Doubleday, Harper & Row, Knopf, Putnam, Simon, editors from Life, NY, and Time. Designers from Seventh Avenue, admen from Madison Avenue, Seagram executives from upstairs, lawyers who double as literary agents, politicians who double as social butterflies.

The place has a flavor all its own

The old Algonquin it isn't. There isn't much laughter in the Bar Room at The Four Seasons. The atmosphere, with its French walnut walls, Murano glass chandeliers, Philip Johnson's baroque, sky-high ceiling, and glass windows as strong as a five smoked trout, is all business. The tables, draped with wheat-colored linens, are not for sport, which means the people at the next one can't steal your ideas. And the Bar Room isn't the "21" Club either, a place where they walk down status, not money. And it isn't the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they laze in celebrity and tastelessness, not money.

The Bar Room of The Four Seasons is solid, that's a fact. "Eaten, inhaled, and handsomely mannequin," proclaims food critic Mimi Sheraton of *The New York Times*. The hundred hand-painted wood panelings in the room, so polished and beautiful, the Bar Room at The Four Seasons is a great place to eat and a great place to talk things over. Which is why if you're in New York, the chances are good you won't get a seat. You will, however, get a proper appetite.

The taste and glory of the power lunch

The co-owner of The Four Seasons knows their food, knows their wine, and knows that the lines who lunch there can never be too close to too comfortable. Tom Margritte and Paul Kovi, both originally

from Hungary, acquired The Four Seasons, a fading enterprise that was opened in 1959 by a firm called Restaurant Associates, in 1973. What they'd bought was a gloriously elegant, ludicrously expensive, elegantly appointed, glass-and-steel swirlup. If you were in New York, you'd



Owners Kovi (left) and Margritte turned an expensive restaurant for out of business into a great restaurant frequented by the powerful.

table was ready. But if you were Clay Felton, Ben Myerson, William Frawley, to say nothing of Jackie Onassis, you wouldn't be caught dead there, not even in a rubber nose.

When Margritte and Kovi embarked the doors, The Four Seasons was just the Pool Room, a vast, posh dining space designed around a twenty-by-twenty-foot marble pond in which water bubbled continuously. Down the hall and past the twenty-by-twenty-foot, Ponce de Leon fountain (designed in 1939 for a performance of *Le Zouave*), there was the Bar Room, a nice place for evening cocktails and a place where one was served at lunch when the Pool Room was full. And all around town, Korda, Doubleday, Jackson, Trolan, Rodin, Bonachuk, Myerson, and the others seemed from French restaurant to Italian restaurant, taking their before with fasting, rich wines, talking at tables where everyone and everyone could hear their ideas.

But Margritte and Kovi had a few ideas of their own. Says Margritte, "We were aware [in early 1974] that America's dining habits were changing. When we opened the Bar Room in Garden City, we'd decided to do the food that was lighter and more positive, not food with sauce, not complex." Adds Kovi, "We assembled a staff that was friendly and polite. There was to be no pretense, no catering, no table-side cooking, nothing to remind one of grand-hotel service."

The menu was, and remains, refreshingly simple: grilled fish of the day, veal or turkey, Bar Room burger with creamed spinach, shrimp with delectable sauce, beef, lamb, and chicken, poultry, and plus a few other offerings. Margritte on the list. "When we planned the restaurant, we wanted to re-create the lost art of grill-roasting (which is the Serrano in London, the Ritz in Paris, Harry's Bar in Venice, to

some extent. But we wanted to get away from steak-and-lobster pie and to use only the freshest ingredients, to do the best possible grilling, since we would not be using butter to mask the taste of the food. We decided we would grill over charcoal only. So we built an eight-foot-long grill and trained Japanese cooks how to prepare fish, meat, and vegetables to our specifications. We did not want a typical American broiler man, the kind who knows how to grill a steak for five minutes on each side and that's the end of it."

Oh, these were the days. Mr. and Mrs. Puckoloff And you, too, ordinary mortals living on the East Side, the West Side, from the Battery to the Bronx. Barbecue hot off the charcoal grill could be yours for around \$1 before tax. There was a table for you to sit at. Take your pick! But slowly and steadily, a few idea people (some in rubber noses) crept in. Says Margritte, "We were the first to Martin Johnson, editor Jonathan Dodge and Betty Franklin, at last Liza Wynn, and the ones who drew up the original blueprints. Philip Johnson. Within a year, the Bar Room at The Four Seasons was pleasantly powerful. Within a year, it was impossible to get into."

The men of The Four Seasons were also busy playing in the Pool Room. Margritte and Kovi, through sharp penmanship and determined public relations, got The Four Seasons as one of our leading restaurants for the appreciation of wine, especially fine domestic brands (Down the hall in the Bar Room, the promotion of wine was advanced, too, with pouring sets of bottles but by encouraging diners to order a glass or two, a gesture then relatively unheard-of in better restaurants).

In both rooms, Margritte and Kovi entertained parties for just the right occasions. Norman Mailer's wedding, a cocktail party in honor of Lee Radwanski's first 1,000 words published in a magazine, parties for Seagram chairman Edgar Bronfman, for Alvin Karpis, for Duke and Duchess of Bedford, for John H. Patterson. In addition, the restaurant lunched often for famous men and food societies, such as Accademia Italiana Della Cucina, Commercianti dei Cordoni Rosi, the EcoFleur Society, among others. Wine writers met monthly at The Four Seasons as the greatest trap laid because one of America's leading symbols of good taste. And at lastly as a season follows season, when they change the menu of appointments and the variety of the restaurant's menu, the house that Margritte and Kovi have built crumpled in one of New York's truly great sitting places.

And throughout it all, playing away nicely was the Bar Room, the site of America's most powerful lunch. On behalf of everyone, we're made a reservation.

# POWER EATERS

Six seasoned regulars with guests chew things over



**AN SIMON** (left), president of Seagram's Choice and Estate Wines Company, here works a lunch with **BAR ROOM**, president of New York's noted winery, Sherry-Lehman. Says Simon: "We in the wine trade are always fighting the battle of the belt. The food here is tasty but light, not cloying. In addition, the Four Seasons came about wine, there's a well-exposed scene but that features the boutique wines of California. The prices are fair. I always take flights grown to the Bar Room, as well as important merchants such as Saks. At lunch, I'll cheer in on the local harvest information. I told Sam, for example, that the June flowering in France was most promising for both quality and price."



**RETT FRANKER** (right), independent and assistant publisher of Doubleday, has lunch in the Bar Room almost every day. Her guests include agents and authors such as Louis Z. Harlan (left) author of *Godsdown's Agreement*. Concerning lunch, and over and over, says Franker: "I love this room. No waiter hovers around with flaming things, the scene is simple, it is the perfect place for a business lunch. Everyone is nice to me. I always get the same table, I'm greeted by name. While some people don't like the fact that lunch here is like lunch in a publishing godfather house, I do. I can stay at anybody's table and have a phone call."

**LOU WYSE**, president of Wyse Advertising and author (*Just Joe and Joe from Intertown*), here dashes up ideas to cheat Robert Ford, of New York's Union Dress Savings Bank. Says Wyse: "They call me the godfather of the Bar Room. The order sequence is always more or less. Jack O. can't take it away from me. It's it I extend my business life. The Bar Room has a great business atmosphere, particularly for women. The tables are far apart, and there's no romance possible. It's like being in a club, it's pleasant. And the food! My favorite dish is the grilled fish of the day. And I usually drink the same thing: a virgin bubbler."



**NORMAN JANKLOW** (left), lawyer and literary agent, and **MICHAEL KOSMA**, editor in chief at Simon and Schuster and author of *Power!* and *Chances* (and *A Family Reunion*), both hold lunch in the Bar Room tables. Janklow says to the Bar Room to people Louis Goodson, John Ehrlichman, Pat Moynihan, and William Safire, while Korda hosts writers and agents like Janklow. Says Korda: "Since I ride horses in the morning, I'm often in blue jeans and Top-Siders. Tom and Paul, of whom I'm very fond, are good about these things. They're reasonable, and guys who run one of the few great restaurants that is interested about food and drink. This place is a stroke of genius. You can have a single, fine meal and be back at your desk in two hours."

**BILL BLANK** (middle), designer, butcher in the Bar Room is here once a week, visiting the hamburger ("dinner good") and the shurabi ("best in town"). His guests frequently include the most male of the fashion world—RWB's John Fairchild, Vogue's Grace Mirabella, Oscar de la Renta—or other high-powered friends such as KCM's Marvin Joughins. Here he discusses company affairs with colleagues Tom Polansky (left) and Tom Taylor (right). "Walk people from the office, we discuss matters we don't have time to talk about during the day," says Blank. "Usually it's 21," nobody is taking over your shurabi." The conversation here had to do with a Blank residence in Japan and its financial results.



## What the power eaters eat



Skewer of shrimp with chipotle sausage \$12.95



Cold poached salmon \$14.95



Green pea soup with dill sauce \$14.95



Chicken salad \$13.50

# THE FIELD OF POWER

Those who are up sit down

Seating arrangements in the two-level Bar Room are worked out by Margitta and Kovi, kids of their parents, determining who will enjoy a happy afternoon and who won't. Questions of who gets in, and, more important, who sits where are addressed with the same delicacy as arrangements for a state dinner at the White House.

Reservations, of course, are essential though there is a select handful of regulars who need only notify when they are not coming to lunch. These include (perhaps one is poor cousin) Jonathan Delany, an editor at Harper & Row (who once wrote a whole book about eating lunch), Betty Pressburger, Paul Sullivan, retired president of The Coca-Cola Company (a very important, if hardly mentioned, key executive at Inagran), real estate mogul Lewis Rudin, and Philip Johnson.

Next in the pecking order are those who sit in the Bar Room at least twice a week and who always get a table, mostly the same table each time. They usually call up in the morning, sometime the day before, and discuss their names. Morton Lasker, lawyer Paul Gelin and John Traben, Michael Korde, and publisher Roger Straus Jr.

Then there are those who will get in but who will take potluck on where they sit, perhaps even be booted to the upper level. While Margitta and Kovi meet there is no chance to being seated up there, many power stars disagree. Jackie O was not long ago seated upstairs, but that was probably because the reservation was made in the name of her secret, a name unknown to Margitta and Kovi. (It's said that an even vaguery powerful name is unknown to the kids. Margitta loves to read, and his list includes such trade publications as *Playboy*, *Weekly*, *Parade*, and *Advertising Age*, and Philip Donaghy's advertising column in *The New York Times*, plus some major national and local publications.)

Finally, there's everyone else, occasional parties who may be thirty minutes late to the towers, as well as business, friends, out of towners. But even for you, there's a chance. If you are unknown to the management, but call up enough in advance (at least three days), chances are excellent you will get a table, though it may not be the table you'd want. "Wait, Margitta. Yes if you're promised a table, you'll get one—even if it means leaving a sandwich at his desk. But worry not for Niosi, Mort, or Best. Tom and Paul won't get pretty good tables for just such occasions."

Unless you're one of the hall power must fish-bulb, The Four Seasons will always take down your phone number to reserve your reservation sometime in the mid-to-late morning. Never will you arrive and find there is no table for you. There are no unpleasant surprises in store—unless you're taken on that long walk upstairs.

To the right is a typical day's seating plan. Who is eating where is such as it would be.

LOBBY PARK ATTENCIÓN



TO THE POOL ROOM

- 1. Jonathan Delany and Betty Pressburger
- 2. Paul Sullivan and Philip Johnson
- 3. Morton Lasker
- 4. Paul Gelin and John Traben
- 5. Michael Korde and Roger Straus Jr.

Tables are numbered according to The Four Seasons's own plan. There is, for instance, no table number six.

Illustration by Janet Harris Torgerson



FIFTY-SECOND STREET SIDE

UPPER LEVEL



OCTOBER 1978/ESQUIRE 29

# POWER SEASONINGS

The movers and shakers rejoice at this good taste



In the kitchen, a one-of-a-kind charcoal grill, in the hands of two Japanese cooks, serves fluffy fish, tender veal, lovely lamb



Architectural digestion: Philip Johnson's corner table is set with silver salt and pepper shakers. Filling trophies for the men who designed the place.



The Four Seasons's chair is so worked by integrity, it's positively defiant. Leather, chrome, marble—the real goods abound

The Bar Room menu, summer of '79

APPETIZERS	ENTREES	SALADS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>
COLD ENTREES	HOT BAR-BQ ENTREES	DESSERTS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> <li>Shrimp Cocktail \$4.95</li> </ul>



From its crling window, clients (and clients) are kept continuously moving by gentle air jets. Dining room accessories were designed by Gert and Ada Louise Huxtable

Staff uniforms change the day the seasons change, along with the color of the graphics and certain appointments



Resting in The Four Seasons's wine cellar and storage rooms are over 30,000 bottles of wine. The list includes the Earl Case's wide selection of vintage domestic labels



Falso, it isn't a pizza. The Bar Room's velvet center is alsoed nearby as this is this page, spread across a plate, and served with a juicy mayonnaise. Great for the late and hungry.

The center of power: Requests for reservations are received at this desk. Here, a courteous vice president good morning, takes down your name, informs you that you will be called back soon for confirmation. A caller's face is thus put on hold. Yours of hard work are put on ice. You have come to a landing on the stairway to class. You fidget for a second, before returning to work. You put off calling your bank again. (What, again, so what, there's La Graciosa down the street—you can always get in there.)

It's 11:30 a.m. Do you know where your car is? — 40



THE DAY AFTER  
SUPERMAN DIEDNEAL CASSADY WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.  
THE DAY AFTER HE DIED WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY  
DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The 1960s was a period of literary rebellion and turmoil that seems, in retrospect, to have occurred in two stages: the beat generation of the late 1950s spilling over into the early 1960s, followed by the psychedelic movement. Both of the literary gangs that dominated the time—Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* hipsters and Ken Kesey's "Merry Pranksters"—had their own cast of characters, celebrated (usually under disguised names) in poem and novel. But it's an odd fact that one man, Neal Cassady, played a central role in both clans. Neal Cassady, also known as "Superman," the "Fartasticalastical," "The Holy Goo!" He appears as "Hoolihan" in this story. In John Clifton Holmes's novel *Go*, he's called "Heart Kennedy." But his most famous fictional incarnation is as "Dean Moriarty," the central figure and driving force in Kerouac's *On the Road*—the novel that in 1957 first took issue of us about the beat generation. Cassady is called "Cody Pomeroy" in Kesey's subsequent series of novels, his fictional autobiography that is actually a more or less accurate chronicle of literary figures of the time—William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Robert Duncan, and the other poets and personalities of the "San Francisco Renaissance."

Cassady was involved with them all, but he actually wrote little himself—although a small autobiographical book, *The First Third*, was published by the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco and Cassady's letters are said to be the inspiration for the subject and style of *On the Road*.

He had been in and out of jail often as a car thief in his youth and did a spell in San Quentin later in his life. Cassady seldom had any money or held a job for long. Nevertheless, by all accounts—and by now there are many—he was an extraordinary man. His essence was acceleration! He drove

automobiles recklessly but very well. He had incredible vitality and seemed never to need sleep. He had affairs with countless women—and with Allen Ginsberg and a few other men, apparently on a sort of experimental basis. Girls are said to have found themselves bedded within an hour of meeting him. Kerouac was involved with several of these women, often at Cassady's instigation. One of Cassady's three wives, Carolyn, has written her account of the triangular relationship she had with Neal and Jack. Called *Heart Beat*, it is being made into a movie, with Nick Nolte playing Cassady.

In 1958, Ken Kesey was a fellow in the creative writing department at Stanford University, but he was also working part time in a nearby veterans' hospital and on a novel that was to become *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. At the hospital, Kesey had volunteered for experiments with what were then called "psychotomimetic" drugs and took some of the drugs back to his friends and neighbors on Perry Lane, in Palo Alto, the bohemian housing area adjacent to Stanford. That was the beginning of the psychedelic movement on the West Coast. Many of Kesey's friends followed him to a small farm he took at La Honda, and they formed the group that came to be known as the "Merry Pranksters," organizing so-called acid tests—huge gatherings of young people using LSD at which the Pranksters introduced the vibrant lighting that has since become such a familiar accompaniment of rock music.

When the Pranksters voyaged east in 1964 in their famous psychedelic bus, Cassady was "the legendary driver" at the wheel. Later, when Kesey fled to Mexico to avoid a jail sentence on drug charges, Cassady joined him there. Some of their adventures in Mexico are set forth in the form of a crazy dialogue in Kesey's surreal big screenplay, *Kesey's Garage Sale*, where he gives a sample of Cassady's "rap"—the fast-talking tale-telling with which he fascinated everyone. Although for

LEFT: SUPERMAN: KEROUAC'S HERO AND  
KESEY'S HERO, NEAL CASSADY (1928–1988)

Dramatic presence, this story is set in 1963. Casady actually died on the railroad tracks in Mexico in February of 1968. Karnauss, who thought Kasey had ruined Casady, died in Florida in 1965. The book is a kind of sequel to *Midnight in the Fells*, another of actors' in California. The words, as quoted, are from the end of Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*, winner of the National Book Award in 1974. Stone had been at Stanford with Kasey, was often at La Honda with the Franksters, and visited Kasey when he was in the hospital. He was not sure if Kasey died from all this and clearly had him in mind when he drew the character of "Hick" in *Dog Soldiers*, the fast and compulsive ex-Marine against former friends. When Hicks dies, he's walking railroad tracks and, "out of spite, out of pride, out of a desire to be remembered, he jumps." The scene was made into the movie *Who's Stop the Train* starring Nick Nolte as Hicks, of course. Risk to mention, perhaps, but this may represent the ultimate tribute our popular culture can extend to such a man as Casady: that Nick Nolte should be playing him. I don't know if he's ever read the novel, but I knew he was doing it the first time around.

Besides Houlthen-Cassidy, there are other disguised figures in the story: "Lars Delf" is modeled on the poet Philip Whelan, the Merry Pranksters are called the "Animal Friends," and Kewy calls himself "Devlin Deborah." But we should remember to read this as fiction as well as memoir and not get too involved in secret keys to the characters in the work—especially when the story itself is as strong and compelling as this.

Strung out and shaking he was, peeing distractingly about the clutter of his office upstairs in the barn, peeing among the books and bottles and cellophane and den-denuber nuts, trying to remember what he had done with his colored glass.

The special plans he needed them. Since before he had been putting off the work in the ditch out in the field because the air was clogged with an evil eye-smelling smoke. Since the first smudge of dawn, long before his eyes had started stinging and his stomach had begun to throb, and even before the breeze he'd put out with those hatchlings down to the pond, he had been telling himself that this dreary day was going to be one real basted with hot sun-soaked summer. Those glooms, he had been telling himself, would surely ease the day's stings.

As he peered from his window, he heard the heartbeats blowing in the morning sleep start up again, baffled and innocent, venting by the far distance. He grabbed the curtain back from the couch and looked out over his yard into the field, standing his eyes. He couldn't see the fence because of the shade and Queen's Asparagus, but the three tassels still marked the spot. They rubbed across the ditch, strapping over the first mosses. Further west, in the soft green, he could see the olive blurring against his rope and, further still, past the fence, the backs of the two Newshires. He could see the hazy smoke. The morning suggested it was here (back of separate wall pointing, a solitary asparagus from strided lazily, a new green with a solitary green ink).

The Oregon farm was uncommonly quiet for this hour. The usual mid-afternoon sounds seemed hushed in one of those tense stills that nature so ordinarily prompts the poet to describe. One New Year's Eve, the big dog had called loudly during the half minutes of burning gas before Roddy's custom went off, and last week, he had screamed hoarsely within seconds of the first lightning storm.

cracked the area dry into a nonculturable state.

[illegible]

"I'm certain they're up here somewhere," he said, certain of no such thing.

Deborah's eyes fell on her dog-eared rolling box, and he took it over the cliff. He gazed in at the seeds and mamee maybe enough could be shared for one now, but unlikely enough for one now and one later both. *There was a fire later. And a more later. And just as well*, he thought, looking at the box in his hands. The little brown seeds were rattling all over the place. He was still something too violently with the surge of adrenaline to have missed the show of nothing. As he returned the box to its niche in the shelf, he recalled an old phrase his father used to use

He had been up two days, grogging and speeding and ransacking his mental library (for was it *there*?) for an answer to his question about the fresh material he had promised his editor and to his wife's query about the fresh cash needed by the loan office at the bank. Merely, since Thursday's mail, for an answer to Larry McManis's letter.

Larry was an old literary lion from Texas. They had met as a graduate student, sometime at Stanford and had wonderfully different but equally deep views of the important nature of the day—history, culture, ethics, and, especially, psychology—in fact about everything except for their mutual love and respect for writing and each other. It was a friendship that flourished during many mid-night debates over bourbon and bonfires, with neither the right or the left side of the system ever gaining much ground. Over the years since Stanford, they had tried to keep up the reputation by correspondence—Larry defending the traditional and DeLoach championing the radical—but without the shared bourbon the friendship had eventually become. The letter from Larry on Thursday was the first in a year. Nevertheless it was almost back at the old, often, although conservative, adolescent, liking the victors of the

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A CENTURY OF GROWTH THROUGH SERVICE 1879-1979











what offed the lady? One of M'lord's Great Daems? He liked to think so. It made him pleasantly angry to think to just let it be. Meant clearly spoke to two or three Great Daems and go off and have them massacred. Too many steps. Somebody should go down to that inn and boot some privileged ass. But he remained seated, seeking fortification behind his desk, and turned up the music against the noise. Once he heard a yelping as Sandy ran the back hall to the bay. Sometimes a little horse would open the curtain and he could see the petcock still sitting on the clockwork pole, silently bobbing his head. Eventually he heard the steps return, enter the barn below, and find the wooden stairs. They descended heavily and around the floor of the loft. Sandy came through his door without knocking.

"Some great place, Dey," she said. "Thanky but great. Sandy gave herself the tour. You got places for everything, don't you? For pigs and chickens and everything. Places to woo-woo, places to eat, places to write letters."

Dehove saw the patch coming but couldn't stop her chatter. "Look, I love the best of my empire better to Seattle seeing that pink patcher because I know you'd want Sandy to bring you the real news as people. No, that's all right, save the theatrics. No need. She also read, though a little place to write some letters. Seriously, Dey, I saw a catan down by the pond with paper and quill and everything. How clever! Sandy says that catan a day or so! It's worth a letter to her dear mother and her dear probation officer and her dear as it were. Also maybe catch up on her journal. Okay. I'm writing up our Mexico campaign for a week 'til real war. Are you ready for that?"

He tried to explain to her that the pond catan was a meditation chapel, not some Camp David for old campaigners to compile their memories. Besides, he had planned to use it tonight. She laughed, told him not to worry.

"I'll find me a harbor for tonight. Then we'll see."

He stayed at his desk. Chatterbox away, Sandy pointed his finger and she fired the shot and proceeded to clean and roll the last of his grass. He still didn't want to smoke; not until he was finished dealing with that dead Jew. When he shook his head at the affronted girl, she shrugged and snickered a bit, explaining in detail how the world rolled his box in overflowing with the scents she had cooking in town this afternoon, meeting to-and-to in work and such to better this and now. He couldn't follow it. He felt Dehove believe her wassailing energy. Even when she dropped the still-fit ranch from the window to the dry grass below, he was able to smile any but the delectable praise.

"Careful of fire around the barn!" she whooped, bending over him. "Why, M'lord Dehove, if you ain't getting to be the fuzzy

**CASSADY'S APPEAL TO WOMEN WAS PROFOUND, AND HIS SEDUCTIONS WERE LEGION. AT LEFT, HE REGARDS HIS WIFE, CAROLYN; HE LEANS AGAINST A FLOWER CHILD AT RIGHT.**

bird farmer!" She clomped to the door and opened it. "So Sandy's making a run. Anything you need from down? A new typewriter? A below and-to-how can you listen to good music on the top porch? A super Sweet Army? He he. Just tell Sandy Claus Anyday!"

He stood in the opened door, waiting. He swished in his chair, but he didn't get up. He looked at her fat grin. He knew what she was waiting for. The question. He also knew better than to ask it. Better to let a child than encourage any relationship by seeing corners. But he was nervous, and she was waiting, grinning at him, and he finally had to ask it.

"Tell he, uh, my anything, Sandy?" His nose was stuck in his throat.

The Mark eyes glared at him from the doorway. "You mean, dar'sha, want that any, uh, first word? Any sentence somewhat, any posing, wisdom? Why, as a matter of fact, in the hospital, it seems, before he went into a coma, he did only a statement and sure was, let me see."

She was glowing. His asking had had his desperation faded. She arched. There he sat, Dehove, the Great Gang life with his eyes now begging for some answer to carry on with, some comfort of hot-minute truth applied by old Holy Good Hiredude, a way against the daily chaos to come.

"Well, yep our little happy shock did mention that he used a few words before he died on that Mexican station," she said. "And me! That story for you! It's that same old story. Santa Ana where Behrens had her kid and Mickey had her broken leg when in our dear Bbody died, of pecunious and exposure and downers. Come on! Don'tcha think that is pretty striking news?"

"What were they?"

"The eyes glared. The grin waggled in its seat of 'He said—' if Sandy's memory serves—and, I think it was 'Society-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.' Quite a legacy, don'tcha think? A number, a striking number!" She boomed, stepping her legs. "Society-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! Society-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! The complex could-down station of the shouter burned-out speed break, society-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! Balance was was!"

She left without closing the door, laughing, sliding down the steps and across the gravel. The square machine without profit in the forest it took out the door.



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No one observes him, after the lengthy preparation just documented (it had been actually three days and was going on four nights), finally enervating his risk in the field. Old Man Debono, desperate and dusty, with his eyes trained to the smoky sea, smoking seven or eight cigarettes a day, is standing behind a red wheelbarrow. Feet bent northward, he watches the field pass beneath his shoes and looking else, tracking the one-wheeled machine to lead him to his destination.

Like Sandy's walk, he focuses himself awhile with an unexpected vigor, a great smoldering of what he has longed to bludgeon to a great blast. Could he last for it on a suitable object? Searching for some target large enough to take his fiery blows, he fixes upon an California. That's where it comes from, he decides. Like those two wretched prodders, and Sandy Pirelli, and the Oakland happy dick who must have been one of that Oakland bunch of peddlers who loved Woodstock back down in Merano last month—all from California! It all started in California, must have started in California, and now spreads out from California like a crazy tumor under the hide of the whole continent. Woodstock. Big time. Craziness young. Let Craziness narrow and groping and groping momentum while the Fadenmosses down himself dead without any legacy left behind but a psychic's offer. Know these Great Dames—from California?

The wheelbarrow reaches the ditch. He rises to his head. He still cannot see the car. Turning down into the ditch, he pushes on toward the place where the three women wait, crouching in and out of the tall weeds.

"Aha! Aha! Aha! Sorry about the obstruction."

The birds caw, looking at his approach. The wheel of the barrow is almost on top of the land before Debono runs in. He is amazed at the elegance of the thing lying before him: a red car, not black at all, not nearly, more the reddish brown of deer's food color. A little discolored by the rain, covered for some time, the car's birthday on a tray of purple warts, garlanded with daisy blossoms, decorated with elegant swirls and strips of red and white and twinkling all over with yellow jollies, like little candles. He moves them out with a wave of his left. The three women crouch away to take up positions on the three nearest floor pans. Black wings unopened, they watch in impatient silence as Debono flips the sun away and bends to inspect the car.

"What got her, good? Any ideas?" Betty was right, not a tooth mark to be found. Maybe the dogs were running him and he tripped in the ditch and broke his neck. "He looks too healthy to get up and die, don't you think that?"

The women nod from foot to foot and advance no theories. They are so religiously disordered that Debono has to smile at them. He considers leaving the car where it is on the ground, to be abandoned by the rain and loss and sets and the rest of Nature's disordered. Thus he has been the mother kissing again from the side grave where Betty believed her.

"I guess not. No sense in asking for ecology's sake. I'm gonna have to bury him, boys, to get him off his own's head. You can sympathize."

Not in the slightest, she never makes it clear as soon as they are done that the car is being lifted into the wheelbarrow. They rise from their separate posts, beating the air with their wings and calling. They fly into a circling formation above the wheelbarrow, circling together in perfect cadence as they follow all the way through the pasture to the swamp at the other end of the seventy acres. Sometimes the circle rises higher than the carwood top, so that continual roar of some sounds almost missed in the distance. Other times they circle close enough that Debono could have reached them with the spade.

He pulls a steady spot under an overhanging oak and sticks the spade into the dirt. It is clay, mud at least, moist enough to be worked. He begins digging up by the post, but he likes it here. It's hidden and cool. The arms of the old scrub oak are comically shaped with long grey-green streaks of Spanish moss.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN RARE AND APOCALYPTIC WAS THIS ENCOUNTER ON THE BUS BETWEEN DR. TIMOTHY LEARY AND NEAL CASADY.

The pressed, dry oak leaves are motes. Even the crows have abandoned their massive trade and are watching in silence from a branch on the talus of the carwood.

He hangs his hat on an oak stub and sets to digging, furiously over his hat, the carwood, the car, looking through and chipping at the sea of clay and weeds until his legs wobble and the dirt comes off his face in gullies of sweat. He finally wipes his eyes with the hem of his shirt and stands back from the simple black hole. "Digging to be deeper if we want to keep the firm from settling it and digging it up." He looks down into the hole, past the carwood, so violently that he has to support himself with the shovel. "But then, on the other hand," he decides, "it's deep enough for folk music, as they say," and tips the spade into the hole. To make it fit he has to bend the front legs back against the dirt and focus the hind legs together. It looks actively comic this way, he remembers, a boy's worst day. Hardly said. Just have to use on a couple of bright new buttons for me, he good to me.

Thus the trembling starts to get worse. This must be how day begins, he thinks. Frown-out. Shudders. Crack up. Enormously shivers and finally cross-its. But first the cover-up must be observed.

He spouts the earth back into the hole over the little animal much slower than he had dug it out. He can feel that he has blundered both hands. He wishes he'd remembered to bring his gloves. He wishes he'd remembered to bring his gloves. He wishes he'd brought his gloves. Most of all, he wishes he'd thought to bring some bird relief. His shovel is on fire. There is water back up the ditch, a short walk away, but water isn't enough. There are flies in more than the throat that need attention. And no hope in the house. Why hadn't he driven to the liquor store in Covell before he started this night? Always good to have a parachute. Never know when something unexpected might pop up, show the best fly into a trap. He closes his eyes and sweats, counting the possibilities. No alcohol. No doctors, no lawyers, no insurance, no prescription pushers even. All sent with the man troop on the Woodstock message. Not even any Burgundy left at the house and Betty still off with the only working vehicle.

In short, no particular numbers.

He begins to shudder uncontrollably, his teeth chattering. He's afraid he is having a stroke or a seizure. They are in the fields, his Uncle Nathan. Whatever had a seizure dropping the legs in Arkansas. Tell into the sky, and the legs are here. No hope here, just these crows up there and those old oak and, over there, to the north, little glades only a dozen yards away into the swamp, a strange in a house of sticky sunlight, by the Grace of God, a glade of red wine? Burgundy? By the heavens a bottle of Burgundy?

He drops the spade and sets through the branches and hangers of moss until he has the bottle in his hands. It is a wine bottle, cheap Goliath to be sure but still full and cold and still half-bottle hot. He uncorks the top and smells the bottle and drinks in.





**NEAL CASSADY WAS ONSTAGE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A GOOD CAR, "THE RIDER, THE PORTER, THE MORE AMERICAN, THE BETTER."**

any other class. He settles into his seat, turning the wheel in front of his face so he can easily see out without having to touch the veins and takes another long drink of the sweet wine.

The shades climb slowly up the iron tracks. The rooster descends, squawking off in their respective rooms after a disappointing day. The air turns a deeper red as the sun, dropping to the horizon, has more trouble to penetrate. The wine goes down as the Chalcidian Dorian and Mr. Norval and the Fanny Pook Brothers flip past his eyes. At last there is only an inch left and the Kerouac book. He's read it three times. Years ago. Before heading off to California. Hoping to sign on in some way, to join this joyful seque. His thousands of other volunteers inspired by the great book, and its music, and, of course, its uncomfortable hero.

Like all the other young candidates for kinship, he had propped North Beach's famous hangouts—Cry Lights, The Place, The Coffee Gallery, The Royal Shop—hoping to catch a glimpse of that lightning-encased character that Kerouac had called Dean Moriarty in *On the Road* and that John Cleland Holmes had named Hart Kennedy in *Go*, maybe even to rendezvous on one of his high-velocity bicycles, perhaps even get a chance to be a big-eyed passenger on one of his wild capping runs around the high spots of rugged San Francisco. But he had never imagined much more, certainly not the prospect of meandering that followed, the trips, the adventures, the near disasters, and, worst danger, the near successes that almost put Howland onstage. Howland was Leroy Brain, Jonathan Winters, and Lord Buckley all together just for starters. He couldn't have hoped but here it is. But a negligible forest would have justified his freewheeling mind, and no stage in the world could have really accommodated his wit—his harding, answering, over-responding sensibility on the common—except the stage he built about himself the moment he did all quick and sinewy under the steering wheel of a good car, the bigger, the better, the more American, the better. The glow of the dash was his flashlight, the stick of steering would become his spine. And now, and now, and now the set is over. No more would that rolling theater over come bounding and steaming and blurring rhythm and blues and Howland leaps up the drive all full of speed and grace and hammering beats.

For now, now, the son of a horse is dead!

And with the last ink of wine blotted in a silence before flashing a *Debonaire* sign to sweep. It is not a sweet girl, but better and bluish. He has to stop it. He opens the frigate Kerouac paperback, looking for some passage that will wash out that better here, but the man won't let him focus. It's getting dark. He closes the book and his eyes both and enters again the library of his memory looking under H. Looking for Hamilton, Hero, High Priest of the Highway, Hammer-mass, Blood-reverer, Hoper Springing. Eventually. Or maybe not so. Now it is the struggle, looking and hoping, hoping to ward off the swirling heralds of despondency with some kind of glibly sensitive studied with the reins showing just when the wondrous Hamilton was, what he thought he had meant, would be, died for. Hoping to taste all the mockery of his hero's samurai death and to harness himself against those black dogs (HANS?) by checking out a collection of unimpressed Hamilton's sporadic (his face near two right) the complete works of another one of these Best Minds of Their Generation, sometimes, anything!

But the section is empty. The H shelf has been stripped. The works of needed, out of print, confiscated as revealed in the light of Latest Findings. Debonaire laughs stood at his library metaphor and finds his throat creak almost hard. He pivots the last at the end as though he is fighting a brush fire. "Year of the downer," he says, spreading up through the little web of hairy veins, watching the last rays of the rusty sun fade from the tops of the cartoon woods, staring and the last shoulder has drifted away and the man has earned his back into the forked starks and shelves of his memory. This time he finds a silver volume—out under H at all but under H—about the new Hamilton the famous. Faintly, faintly, he met the renowned Stanford —that continued on page 19

long swallows until he loses his equilibrium and has to lower his head. He turns around and sits on the strap and he catches his balance, then tips his head back for the bottle again. He doesn't stop thinking until his lungs demand it. There is less than a fourth remaining after his saturation party, and he can feel the liquid already spreading through his body's heated thoroughfare, already bringing relief.

It's only then that he notices that it is not a light, day. 10:00 p.m. Bagnardy after all but a scrappy seven. 12 percent weno port with a bouquet just like he'd swilled out of Blackboard's mouth a couple of hours back. He looks around and sees two sagging beer ribs, a World War I shoulder pack, and the remains of a small fire. There is a dog-eared set of underground comics beside one bedroll and a copy of *On the Road*. In the other bedroll's arm lies a pile of shavings, silk whetted gloves, some as thin as the fillet corned leaves.

"Is this a why they were up the road from this direction, not down from the highway direction like every other pilgrim? As holy, here."

But there is no altar in the nurse. He tips up the bottle again, more thoughtfully now, and somewhat nervous. Maybe they're more like bats.

"Toss," he says to the nurse. "I think we ought to get a stake out on these bodies."

The bats don't disagree. They seem to have already begun the vigil, bunching their heads deep into their black lemons and nodding down as their lairs in the smoky air. Debonaire picks up the paperback and the stack of comics and yawns to the white noise, his finger still hooked in the jacket's glass handle. He selects a blackberry patch about twenty steps from the camp and leaves into the bushes from behind, using the wheelbarrow as a glow and the spade like a moose until he has earned a comfortable observation post in the center of the thorny vault. He takes the wheelbarrow up and picks it with the Spanish moss from an ever-hanging oak limb until the sticky old blanket is as comfortable as



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## PENDLETON, USA



Sturgeon, Larry Doyle and Larry to Doyle's name to mean chessman's warfare. Under L, for losing.

During the late Fifties and early Sixties, these two guys had had several other battles. They were chessmen. Both were men of their own spread and vulgar philosophies. Owing to his appearance as a hero in a number of variously distributed novels, Doyle's up was the power, the more widespread. But in his own town, Larry Doyle was the real deal. He had a lot of power, but he was the key to the power. He had a lot of power. And because of his big Army personality for a Buddhist anniversary, many had not been personally and all were in one of his self-spoken power.

One spring partying evening, Larry Doyle had dropped into the Debevoise house, across the street from the Stanford golf course. Doyle claimed he had heard of Debevoise, and he wanted to meet him, and he was open to missions, especially concerning wine. Debevoise saw immediately that they were due to argue—as was in the way the man placed his foot—and passed him the bottle.

It was fast and easy. Larry was an unknown power, and Debevoise could watch him in the field of writing. They were both young. Larry was a young, well-tailored, Zen Buddhist, and young Debevoise was a psychobabble chameleon with a higher-than-usual intuition. And, eventually, naturally, over the much more intense and basic issue: physical process. This category happened to be Doyle's thing going through that time. He was driving them some work to the Olympic Club in San Francisco, hoping to represent the United States in France, waiting in the upcoming Olympics. Larry was also the better of such things: the All-American Stanford footballer dropout. Knew Doyle about him were many. The most memorable and all reported described him taking a handful of Mexican athletes pictures in a Columbia University parade in Pasadena and fighting them in their own national stadium, where local doctors stopped the fight and an ambulance drove away. And Larry, the broken points of their Tijuana scandal were found sucking out of his great round shoulders.

Debevoise can't remember who started the contest, that day on the Larry. Probably he himself, with one of the track fans he had learned from his father, probably going through the house to supply that Larry Doyle's own success his legs to try. Then, as he made it, the spotlight was wanted from Debevoise by his brother Bob, who was down from Oregon for some culture. Buddy went through the house, both forward and backward, which Debevoise never had been able to do. It was Buddy who started the Indian walking.

Walking palm to palm and easy to stamp, Buddy flipped through one after the other of the gang of several gang of students, being there much so easily that he became embarrassed with his one-sided victories and was about to turn the corner and back to Debevoise (who had) challenged him. The Indian-walking scene had long before and many times been decided between the brothers, Debevoise was heavier and older and longer reached) when Larry Doyle spoke from his knee position near the wire.

"To see me May 1, 1971?" He answered the way Larry spoke, deliberately slow and simple. He always addressed a heavier in odd, simple phrases that might have seemed intended but for the twinkling behind his eyes. That and the fact that he had been an honor student in mathematics before he left the Stanford Jr. First for North Beach.

Now, observe Buddy and Debevoise standing there in the middle of a 1962 beer and bongos crowd. Observe Buddy, blushing and grating, enjoying his power as the game set out of any sense of responsibility, even out of any pity. He was, playing only, at first freely and then moved to play, for fun, for fun, for fun. And now we stand opposite Buddy this opponent of entirely different kind, heavily seeming part of the same species, in fact wearing more mechanical than animal, with legs like pianos, chest like a boxer, close-cropped head like a punk cathe-dral set with two tank-like layered layers, playing a beer from inside Buddy's and offering a chubby doll-punk head.

"Shall... we... try?"

Buddy took the hand. They bowed, raised the atmosphere length of decorum, then Buddy bowed. The usual form didn't matter. Buddy bowed the opposite direction. Still no movement. Buddy drew a quick breath for another being he instead found himself sitting across the room, into the wall, turning the attention of his shoulder and head in the parallel board.

Larry Doyle had not seemed to move. He stood, grinning, as sweet and comfortable and distant the expression on his round face as he was in a flying. Buddy stood up, shaking his head.

"Doing," he said. "That was something."

"Come to try again?"

And again his brother was seen flying in the wall and upon and upon, each time getting up and coming back to take the pink hand without any kind of anger or change or hurt pride but with Buddy's eyes calmly. Any mystery of the physical world was lost. Buddy, and the quiet quiet young man to and he absolutely focused him.

"Doing Something else. Let me try that again."

What the mystery was Debevoise couldn't see. Again as he sat, Doyle sat probably crouched behind by close to a hundred pounds.

"He's just got too much meat on you, too," Debevoise had said, his nose open. He didn't like the way his little brother was being used around.

"It isn't the weight," Buddy answered, passing a table in he got up to take his stance before Doyle again. "And it isn't the muscle, really."

"It's where a man... thinks he is," Doyle explained, growing back at Buddy. There didn't seem to be any mystery coming from him, any cruelty, but Debevoise wished they would stop. "When a man thinks from... he's... suddenly sudden the pink hand shot out, one better than the other extended. It stopped less than a second and from taking a ball from Buddy's nose—fingers of her—her other hand came forward from the top in a head flip, right at Buddy's belt buckle, that was stopping even faster and opening, like a gentle flower, to spread over Buddy's solar plexus—"As is of course... unbalanced. Like a Coca-Cola bottle balanced mouth-to-mouth with another Coca-Cola bottle, not much weight above... and below... and no connection at the middle line... what I mean? A man must have balance, like a baller."

It had been too pompous for Debevoise to his part. "What I see is just his poetry and more like many pounds Buddy is giving away."

"How can you try," Buddy had challenged. "I'm curious to see how you do, brother, giving away only maybe a third of this."

The moment he took Larry Doyle's hand he had understood Buddy's curiosity. Though he knew the round little form still had the advantage by perhaps two dozen pounds, he could feel immediately that the difference was not one of weight. Nor was it speed, for he had seen signs on the Olympic stage. Debevoise had been able to tell within the first few seconds of the opening round whether his opponent had the jump on him. And this man's movements were almost clocklike compared to those of a collegiate wrestler. The difference was on a level of speedily strength. He remembers thinking at Doyle's constant loss with a face of his forehead and heard him through the air into a crowd of sweat-soaked undergarments watching from the dyed, long-gone men in their laps that this was what it would be like in Indian-needle a 250-pound man.

Larry his brother, Debevoise had risen and seemed to battle with out any sense of shame or defeat. To make the head, to be thrown again and again and return again and again, more out of amazement and curiosity than any sense of muscular competitiveness.

"Is where you think from, do you begin to see?" The eye that was the last... moved was the last. Only the search was in the eye. The eye that searched for such a shadow in fall. More Debevoise in the head... makes a hollow in the center, makes a man... off it—as he threw Debevoise into the parallel board well, with its growing array of dents and cracks—"unbalanced."

When Larry Doyle left after that evening, he took back all the undergarments back to the city with him—new psychology maps and a few boys who had not yet settled on a field—to settle them.



**ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1964, KEN KESEY  
MOCKINGLY CRUCIFIED NEAL CASSADY; KESEY  
REFERRED TO NEAL AS HIS COMRADE "IN  
ADVENTURE AND ESCAPE AND REVOLUTION."**

in the Bedford tenement on Jackson Street, never mind that spring issue at Stanford was only two weeks short of over. DeCoursey himself was so impressed that he was half considering such a transfer until Lam informed him that the sales classes began at four in the morning six days a week. He decided to stick it out at the writing seminar instead, which met only three times a week, and at three in the afternoon, and over coffee and cookies. But like his brother and surrogate chic, he had been smacked. And Ken Kesey had regard for the subsequent pleasure of the person who sold the rest fat, when a Wilco Jap with a powerboat blows him driving it too far into three too fast had brought Houshian into his yard and his life.

The famous Houshian. With his bony Irish face dancing constantly and simultaneously, though a dozen expressions, his sky-blue eyes flaring up from under long lashes, and with his capote-tan and his unapproachable up. Houshian became a sensation around the Stanford bongo circuit before the famous Jap had hardly stopped steaming. He was a curiosity easily equal to Earl Doff in shyness and character and, without the heavy-handed sexual dogma, a lot more like to be around.

There were, in fact, no real similarities between the two men that comparisons could not be avoided. As fat as Doff was plump, more, so viewy and a slanted as Doff was thick and stolid, poor Houshian was matched with the Houshian fat before he was even aware of an opponent's existence. By mid-fall term, all the talk in the Jay Palo Alto coffeehouses was about the latest Houshian photo, how he had climbed on stage during Allen Ginsberg's reading in Dinkladog Andromeda without a shirt or shoes, carrying a flashlight in one hand and a Bywater in the other, to stalk across the auditorium about the podium. "Maybe so, Gray, but I saw the last race of my presence destroyed by good of American just there's one take that you read it on top only signed it, am sure he took anything you were saying." Don't let me interrupt, how he had talked the San Mateo deputy sheriff into giving his untold action a jump start instead of a speeding ticket after being pulled over on Highway, and, so generous and benevolent as Houshian's mug, got every with the cop's cation in the bargain, how he had refused the lady apartment who had been sent by a distraught and wealthy Althea's mother to save a complete daughter by five days living in the back of the family's station wagon with this mess, and the mother who had sent her when they all get back to Althea, and the nurse the family had hired to protect the daughter from further demerol. Surely, eventually, these coffeehouse tales of Houshian's actions were followed by complete about faces flats and floofs, inevitably, about the meeting of the two lions.

"Weakie if Houshian I be able to meet with Lam Doff's mind like that? Should they ever be known, a man."

Before the historic encounter. It took place in the driveway of a tall, dark beamed, spectral law student named Felix Remmel, who claimed to be the grandson of the famous Garza general. No one had given much credence to the claim until a large crowd arrived from Franklin containing—Felix had announced—his grandfather's Mercedes. Lam Doff had been shocked to find out if he would like to use this classic ride from his brotherhood. He arrived on a bicycle. There was a champagne party on Felix's wide San Mateo lawn while the car was ceremoniously welcomed and rolled backward into the garage under the lights, grey and gleaming. Lam looked it over carefully, sitting in the double-headed coupe with perched on the radiator cap and some of the Desert Fox's wings and scrawled messages Felix showed him in the glow compartment. "It is a beast," he told everybody.

The car had been carefully prepared, mismatched except for the right side of the front bumper, which had been bent to shipping and was covered against the law. Felix even started the engine with a jump from DeCoursey's porch. Everybody drank champagne in the yard while the big engine idled in the garage. Felix

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toward him, eventually, and it breaks into the clearing around the stump and is hung from a branch. It is the two blackbirds loaded with packages and rocks, followed by Sandy Parker. Sandy is carrying an enormous stuffed teddy bear. So loudly in the clearing and suggesting about with the bear, that the blind juke does his loud and stern turn to look for.

"Could, huh? You want that old fort and his dig-down here?"

"I don't want that old fort and his dig-down at all!" Sandy answers.

"You two fans will do to there" for Sandy and her best.

Presented, Devere switches from the trembles as Sandy watches in a slow circle that from the large doll against the wing and sets in its leg. "Give us a hand," she says, picking at the buttons of the collar that runs across her throat, "or a drink." Blackboard draws a half gallon of water from one of the gaudy crates. He scoops it and drinks beneath the partly waning light, his eyes on the fat women and the doll. He lowers the bottle and takes a big swig from the bottom of the other sack and begins to drink. He then wraps every Blackboard's hands inside Sandy, giggling to help with the buttons of his blouse. Blackboard switches and Devere. The tractors soon give at the Neko junction. The shadows rock. The flicking figure has the pattern of one shoulder while, abruptly, Sandy's head falls back on the fourth shoulder and she begins to snore. The pig-like babbler leader over the bushy such as Blackboard helps her step up and down.

"What kinds of evil could get you those, mama?"

Sandy says and turns leader. The boy tries to mock behind her sleeping back to find the sleep. Blackboard is going through her sleeping bag. He takes out a little transparent tube and turns it on. He turns against the neck line, jawing the tongue and waving the tube as he watches his partner words with the sleeping woman's forehead. At last, Devere has to close his eyes to the speech, and the dark swirls over him. His head is rising. He knows the tube did work on and it looks like the South Boy's hat. The humming softens, Sandy's sacrum and grunts and enters the black of sleep. Devere can barely hear any of it. It comes from a long way off through a twining, lonely tunnel. The tunnel has almost reached that when he hears Blackboard ask.

"What did she say he was doing out there on the railroad track?"

"The hat," Blackboard answers. "Counting the hat between Puerto Nuevo and the west village. Thirty miles away. Counting the railroad hat. They got him dropped up and down him and he did it, didn't he, bee bee?"

"Blackboard," says Blackboard's voice, grunts. "The great Blackboard. Done in by downwind and a dune." Blackboard seemed but surely grunted, and Devere knew he wasn't suddenly bling him. "I can't believe it."

"Don't let it bother you, too. He was frank, you know? One green hat of mine and check this. I bet this makes you take this same cents your mouth."

Devere says to lift his eyes open, but the usual is waiting too fast. Let it close, he tells himself happily. Who's afraid of the dark now? Blackboard wasn't merely making noise—he was counting. He didn't lose it. We didn't lose it. We were all counting.

The dark space about him is suddenly filled with faces, working off and on. Devere switches from outside, feeling warm and he trembles, equally dead of all the consciousness, those close, those far, those known, those never met, those dead, those never did little faces. Come back. Come on back off of you even LEO with your Texas cheeks cradled by companion came back. Kira, Schubert, Teresa beyond peasant ignorance, healthy heads. Fire-brown, some black back of you. From these all pecked apart and LEO blunder all get together, Michael Ennace at your silver suit the dry the earth wood still for peace, come back all of you. Now go away and leave me.

Now come back.

Come back Vaughn Monroe, Ethel Waters, Kenny Kat, too.

**CASABY NOT A MUSICIAN, NOT REALLY A WRITER. NEVERTHELESS STRUCK THE CHORDS FOR A REVOLUTION IN THE KING HE WASN'T MERELY MAKING NOISE—HE WAS COUNTING—**

Casady, Harper Marks, Adria Stevenson, Brent Harnquist, Herbert Hoover, Henry Baldwin, Timothy Leary, Rex Bess, Jerry Lee Lewis, Lee Harvey Oswald, Choc Boyles, Ludwig Erhard, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Mandy Rice Davies, Ornette Coleman, May and Gordon Cooper, John D. Hines and Lou Taylor, Estes Kefauver and Governor Scrantom, The Inevitable Man and The Lame by Crowd, The True Believer and The Empty Nation, the Hungarian Freedom Fighters, Elia Merrell, Derek Washington, Jean Cocteau, William Edward Kaufman, Du Bois, Amos Healy, Alvin Karpis, Edith Piaf, Zora Fata, Semenza Glass, Jay Dandy, Nard, Ornette Waters, Grandma Dubois, Penny Bry, Floyd, Big Boy Williams, Boyo Bisher, Mickey Rooney, Mickey Martin, Mickey McGee, Mickey Mouse, come back, go away, come on back.

The summer went Franco with flowers in your hat some back. Now go away.

Casady, come back. Albin, come back. And you that never left, come back now, Joan Baez, Bob Kaufman, Lawrence Perlberg, Gordon Light, Gordon Fraser, Gregory Corso, Jim Sinfonist, Fritz Perls, some pearls and once you black hat Charlie Messer, somehow come back off with you know now go away now come back. We are being re-membered. We got a response, just you step. He wasn't just calling, he was counting. Appear and satisfy.

Young Cassady Clay

Young Miller

Young Miller

Young Jack Karcowicz before you finished your football career at Columbia and popped your testicles in Egypt. Young Lewis without your small card face. Young Davis. Young Dylan. Young Lennon. Young Jones whatever you are. Come back and remember and go away and come back. Arrangement mandatory but not required. —



# The Girl from Gold's Gym

She's getting stronger and stronger and stronger

by Eve Babitz

**T**he girl in Gold's Gym was standing with her face in the mirror and lifting weights. She was small, only about five feet three inches tall, but she was perfectly defined, each muscle clearly showing, almost vascular. Her calves were perhaps just a little too well developed to work a beauty contest. She wore a green workout leotard and a corset. When she stepped up to the scale, her torso was graced by a single leather belt; apparently the same lead of belt worn by most of the men there (two greatly outnumbered the women) to prevent their spines from collapsing under the strain.

"Lenny," Lisa Lyons said when I came in, "just sit somewhere and watch, I'll be with you in half an hour or so. I can't really sit with you today."

So I sat down on the floor, on a green rug. Gold's Gym is now the northwest corner of Second and Broadway in Santa Monica, California. Windows opened to Second Street and were lined outside by an audience of passersby who could not see themselves from the sight of all those men with all those muscles trying to lift more and more and more. The atmosphere of acrobatic muscle made Gold's Gym come through in spite of continuous rock 'n' roll FM radio blasting away. Everyone was talking in a dialect—maybe the wrong one. You couldn't help thinking that Gold's Gym should give in some Wagner, which, with its lofty aspirations and third passages and force, would be so much more suitable.

Lisa Lyons looked adorable.

Her perfect little Barbara Reinhardt face was framed in neck of chestnut braids caught up in a ponytail. Her brown eyes, stirred by sunstroke and perhaps, sparkled, and her white teeth were perfect. Like all the truly serious people working out in Gold's Gym, she wore Nike running shoes.

In the center of the workout room at Gold's Gym were machines for pushing and lifting weights backward and in your knees and in other superhuman positions. All around the walls of the gym were signs saying, REPLACE ALL WEIGHTS AND LOW

Eve Babitz, a writer based in Los Angeles, once wrote a memoir.



Body builder Lisa Lyons, twenty-six years old, now dead 363 pounds.

Photographs by Linda Butler

reels lined with weights and mirrors at the end of Liza's workout, she and her training partner, Jay Silver—who has a tremendously supple smile about a body packed with wiry muscles and covered with thorny skin—stood in front of a full-length mirror and reviewed what needed work. "Come in here," she said to me when they finished.

I figured we'd go into a dressing room where they'd change into something else so then we could go out for lunch, and noted she did emphasize that wide leather belt and take it off, but that was all she took off. She makes a point of wearing her workout clothes wherever she goes, it is her idea of spreading the good mood. To my surprise, I noticed the woman's sweating even under-neath the belt around her waist, and I asked her why. She showed me another pad that revealed her arse underneath her T-shirt. It was designed to stimulate sweat—and it does—but Liza just doesn't look like she wants to.

"I started this body building two years ago," she told me while we were still in the



Working out with barbells at Gold's Gym.

gym. "Before this, I avoided dressing and undressing—that's Japanese dancing. I wanted to be strong, and when I met Arnold Schwarzenegger, I saw that was potential to do something dramatic with myself." (It seems that everybody who meets Arnold goes their life changed.)

"I'd been in art studios, I'd wanted to do medical illustrations, and I loved the supplies and gained an understanding of power, pain"—she looked around as we were walking out of Gold's Gym—"I fell in love with the scene." And with that, she

laughed this led-girl laugh and her curls cascaded more loudly around her face, making her look even more athletic.

Liza went to University High in L.A. Her father was an actor and singer, her mother an actress. Despite all UCLA, she was very political and studied communism in its graduate film school, which, as everyone knows, is where L.A. Karl Marx resides, at least in spirit. Today, at age twenty-six, she has a job reading and interpreting books and scripts for American Tataria Travel Partners, a job she can do purely at home because Gold's Gym is so close.

"I could have gotten a job as a story editor, but it's worth five hundred dollars a week to me to have my freedom," she told me. "I could never sit down inside all day like that."

Somewhere, out in Santa Monica and even at the elegant Cole California, where she went to lunch, Liza's gym is her workout clothes, with her sweat shirt tied around her shoulders, looked okay enough and at rock the best. Except for her sculptured biceps, she might have been simply a Texas

single from the margin or a runner from the beach. The Cole California is not where I thought I'd spend my one day with some lady body builder—I had thought she'd probably want to go to a health food place and drink green juice. But now, here she was taking an exercise and drinking coffee but just like a normal person.

"I am a normal person," she told me. "At this time, I was feeling that she might indeed actually be a normal person, at least the kind of normal person I usually know—the kind that every so often goes off the deep end into something." "I mean," she went on, "everybody thinks that to be a body builder you have to be a freak, but I don't think body building is very different from basketball. Every time a body builder, the end you're striving for is a mistake. That's why I think it should be taken seriously."

Plus, even the most finished-out, satiny-garbed person from the gym who goes into Gold's, you know, just to see what's happening, well, the discipline isn't theirs; somebody who tries it. The energy and desire inside that place are so high, and the people are so fun and understanding. I think, she said, "you should feel free to pursue whatever you feel will benefit you. I think women should be able to have a choice in ideals of physical beauty. I mean, we're going into the Eighties, and we're headed into sci-fi, anyway, so why not? Besides, how many women do you know who can do that, run?" she asked, and suddenly, when no one in the Cole California was looking, she fixed her hair, and it turned into a hair-splurge swoop at the end of a hundred-dollar machine. Then she finished me one of those body-builder smiles again and said, "It's not. It's living sculpture. Plus I can dead lift two hundred and sixty-five pounds."

"What's dead lift?" I asked.

"That's from the ground."

Liza and I knew all the same people in the movie business and the art world and even in jazz (she knows this piano player who's playing with Art Pepper is her husband to go on) and she can dead lift 265 pounds. And she spends so much time in the gym in Gold's Gym getting stronger and stronger and stronger.

This year she won the First World Women's Body Building Championship. She wants to be on the President's Council for Physical Fitness. And she means to do it. The New Beauty for Women "Issue I started doing this," she told me. "The happy all the time. You just can't help it."

But she looked out the window impatiently from the Cole California into the flat desert on Ocean Park, and I remembered this is the last left Jay Silver, her training partner, she made plans to meet him later in the gym. And I thought she'd be for happier once she was working again at her machine — on one knee bending forward as the pulley heavy lead plates with click, a cold heavy overhead bench in Gold's Gym. ■



John C. Thompson, Jr., working on a new fountain for Jack Daniel's.

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Liza Lynn poses with her training partner Jay Silver. "I think women should be able to have a choice in ideals of physical beauty," Lynn explains. "I mean, we're going into the Eighties, and we're headed into sci-fi, anyway, so why not?"

# THE STORES BEHIND THE MAN

You're the man. Here is what six of America's best men's shops have in store for you this season

by Rita Hamilton

**T**o the man who shops in them, they feel like private clubs. They're sanctuaries that spare a man's having to walk through the toy department or an acre of furniture displays when he has better things to do.

If you're already known to them, you'll be greeted by name and engaged in conversation before being shown the items known to suit your taste. If you are a new face, chances are you'll be treated like visiting royalty. Some are equipped with a private bar where you'll be offered a complimentary drink. In none of them will you be greeted with that salesclerk's cliché, "Can I help you?"

What they are called depends on where you live or the circles you travel in. Some people call them boutiques. Others call them specialty stores. In plain, simple English, they're men's stores—and there are more than 21,400 of them from coast to coast.

On the next ten pages, *Esquire* presents six of the

country's best men's stores. Unlike department stores, they do not deal with huge volumes of merchandise and massive customer flow. These smaller, special stores focus only on clothing. And they have reached the top of their field by paying more attention to fashion—and to customers—than their competitors do.

Each of these stores has been turned into a several-million-dollar-a-year operation by the independent business people who own them. These are owners who depend only on themselves to call the shots. They decide on their store's fashion direction, buy the clothes, and train their sales staff to treat you as a client.

We asked the heads of these premier men's stores to select some styles for this fall and winter. Each chose looks that represent the unique fashion philosophy that has brought the store success. And each passed along a tip on how you can act like an expert when you go to a men's store—something they are all experts at or you wouldn't be reading about them here.

## BEVERLY HILLS

### Jerry Magno

If you're searching for America's legendary stores paved with gold, check out Radio Drive in Beverly Hills. Here, the many gems, the fat checkbooks, the ultimate in consumer luxury. The world of men's fashion is no exception, according to Jerry Magno, owner of the Radio Drive men's store bearing his name.

"Historically, there's always been a luxury customer," says Magno, a member of the family minkskinner (that gave America the prestigious Joseph and J. Magno department store). "Today, that customer is looking for the avant, hottest designer

names. He's the guy we want to please."

Despite the durability of the luxury market in Beverly Hills, Magno took a considerable gamble on an unknown designer in 1970. He named Ralph Lauren.

While many other designer shops were only new in New York and Europe, California was still uncharted territory when Magno opened as part of his store the first Polo shop in America and offered only the collection of men's apparel designed by neo-romantic Lauren.

"I offered Ralph the opportunity to do a total wardrobe package for men at a time when he was designing just suits, shirts, and ties," says Magno. "He jumped at the chance. We went off to Europe, where he did his first shows, seminars, and seminars. And he brought them in exclusively for us at no profit to himself."

The gamble paid off for both men. Today, Lauren is a \$15-million fashion giant designing for men, women, and children. And his Polo shop on Radio Drive now

accounts for 40 percent of Magno's total business.

Magno's tip: "A man should start out by shopping around, looking at many stores in person. He should try on their suits to see how they fit and check out their merchandise, their displays, and their prices until he discovers the right store."



Polo marks the trademark at Magno's, 333 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.

Photographs on pages 62-63 by Peter Corrales



Blended soft colors with a slightly iridescent cast typify the new fashion look in suits available at Jerry Magno's this fall. This suit is imported from Italy by Licon Pini; the subtly colored dress shirt is by Bill Koberman for Ralph. Giorgio Armani fits L'Alghero belt.



Jerry Magno says his store bar "helps loosen up customers."



Vale knee jacket as designed by Edward Gorty for Ben Kahn. Fans capture the highly theatrical sale of the Magno business. Magno says he likes "to have fun with fashion and make the clients and myself."

# NEW YORK

## Charivari

Walk into Charivari for Men on New York's Upper West Side and you'll feel like Daniel. That's how laid—and good—you'll feel the more. A framed photograph of Clark Gable stands watch over the high-decorated scene as customers dart about sampling suits, sweaters, shirts, and shoes. It's an atmosphere that fits both the store's name—the old French word for "uproar"—and owner Jon Wessner's fashion philosophy.

To me, the main thing is to keep from being dull," says Wessner. "Men's wear can be so boring if it's taken seriously. You've got to get enjoyment and excitement from wearing your clothes and shopping for them. Otherwise, we'd be at the business of replacing uniforms."

By traditional standards, Charivari shouldn't have succeeded. The store was opened in 1973 in an area of Manhattan then known more for its run-down charm than as the fashion mecca it is becoming today. But Wessner, a former New York University fine student, made it work pretty by breaking the rules.

"Sometimes I feel like Gypsy Welles when he made Citizen Kane," says Wessner. "He went ahead and did what everybody said couldn't be done. He used the wrong locations, the wrong lens. The rule in men's wear is that everybody is supposed to be a specialist in a certain kind of look. Instead I combined traditional: Polo with casual style; then unknown designers from Europe like Cackhapp; the French designer who married the oceanic look."

"It's all meant to work together somehow, even though the concepts and locations are all supposed to be wrong."

Charivari's tag: "Shopping should be a treat and not a chore. If you are going to shop for an entire wardrobe, don't do it in a crowded Saturday afternoon. Try to make it a pleasurable experience—like going to a private screening. Put aside a morning or take an afternoon off and indulgently consider on what you are doing."



Charivari for Men, at its name connotes, is covering a commission at 2359 Broadway, New York City.



Left: Giorgio Armani's new proposition show up at Charivari. Wider lapels, wider ties, and easier pants make up "progressive designs" for the Charivari man.



Charivari is an eclectic mix of elegance and whimsy. Here, owner Jon Wessner displays his feeling that "fashion should always be pleasurable, be fun to wear and fun to look at."

Men's wear should be just status clothing, junior sportswear reaches new heights for fall. Linton Fennell outfit for Charivari.



Europe is shock fashion reflects serious business at Charivari. This handsome sign-applaud owner is by Japanese designer Kenzo Yamamoto. Shirt and cowboy pants from New Man Simon Horton too.

# SAN FRANCISCO

## Wilkes Bashford

When Bashford is a merchant, great whom many call the most important men's fashion specialist in the country. His is a shop that designers crave to sell to; his nod of approval means that buyers of Bashford have in the retail industry will flock to buy the same merchandise. "I have spent thirteen years in San Francisco building a feeling, a reputation, and a concept," says Bashford, "and I think it is applicable in other parts of the country."

That kind of wisdom finds its part in Bashford's quiet and unassuming personal manner, which is at odds with the power associated with his name.

Unlike most men's store owners, who are often seen in the selling flow of their stores, Bashford prefers to pass the day to

Display's the thing, and Bashford has fun with his bright, two-filled window at 1316 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



Wilkes Bashford studied to be an accountant, now he finds himself one of the leading style authors in America. "I started working in part of a co-op program while I was in college," he says. "I liked it and stayed. I've been working in stores now for twenty-five years, and I'd like to see my friends for retailing applied to other business areas."

his basement office surrounded by mountains of his years in retailing. His dashboard, Sunlight-on-silver image gives the best pocket of a Lacoste-style shirt that Bashford markets—accompanies him daily from his Russian Hill home. Despite Bashford's attempts at a low profile, his trademark store has become a virtual tourist attraction, complete with the occasional leisure-seated couple taking corners. On Saturdays, the place is one of the city's true hot spots.

In 1966, Bashford, a native of New York City, moved to San Francisco to start "a store like Brooks Brothers." He and two partners raised \$50,000 to open their doors on Sutter Street. Today, the partners are gone, the store has expanded sixfold, and the traditional clothes are only a part of the adventurous man that Bashford offers. "My customers tend to be a bit more avant-garde than the average man," says Bashford. "We appeal to the international man who travels extensively and is aware of the confusing development of fashion."

What direction does the merchant place us for men's wear this fall and winter? "Without a doubt, there is a definite trend toward a more conservative approach," he says. "Men want to know if a certain shirt or suit is still going to be in style next year. They don't want to invest in a suit and then find out they can't wear it for several seasons."

Bashford's says "Men should learn to ask for what they want. In a visual store, it is possible to get extra cigarette or money pockets sewn into jackets or to have back pockets put on pants."



The Wilkes Bashford man chooses the drums of drizzly, shoulderjet, military-tinged jacket and pants—here in offbeat colors from French designer Christian Arnaud.



Wilkes Bashford believes in unusual color combination, and he continues to believe in relaxed yet well-colored clothing. Here, the two are elegantly combined by designer Alexander Julian.



New style: Shoulder-accented sportswear in a V-shaped frame forms the dominant feature look from Bashford for fall. "I like the dramatic shoulder look," he says. "It is flattering to most men." This outfit is from Giorgio Armani.

# CHICAGO Utime

Or more is interesting because it's not unusual," says John Jones, vice-president of Utime. Indeed, you'd be wise to knock before entering a dressing room at this fashionable Chicago shop. Utime is one of the few exclusive clothing stores in the country that successfully cater to both men and women.

The idea of a combined men's and women's designer store came about almost by accident when president Joan Weinman's late husband offered her the top floor in his new men's store.

"My husband said that even would never go all the way to the top floor for clothes, so I should take it over and do something for women. I tried," says Weinman. In fact, she succeeded: Weinman had a thriving designer fashion business when her husband died of a heart attack in 1972.

"I was suddenly faced with widowhood and running the entire business—both of which I know very little about," she says. Fearfully friend Jones, also in the men's fashion industry, stepped in to form a partnership that has proved profitable to both.

The pair set about to attract their customers to servicing both men and women under the same roof. "There must be a certain commonality between what men and women wear," Jones explains. "Hiring the women's store on the same premises as the men's makes the men more aware of the changes in fashion."

**Utime's tip:** "Build up a relationship with your salesman. Call and tell him when you are coming to shop. The intimacy between a salesman and his client is the most important thing about a retail store."



"A lot of couples shop together here," says John Jones, vice-president of Utime, 114 East Oak Street, Chicago.



Left: Elegance and sophistication are the buzz words at Utime. The shimmering double-breasted suit contains subtle touches of glam running through the navy-blue fabric. The outfit is from Emilio; hers, from Jean Muir. Rosemary Park veil.



Floating floor-to-ceiling fabric drapes the entire third floor of Utime. Partners John Jones and Joan Weinman are seated at the entrance to their upscale selling floor. To be more welcoming, the store's bottom floor is kept free of mechanical racks.



Wearer looks for the fashion inspiration from Utime. The white wool sweater is from Gianni Versace; the white crewneck pants, by Barneys Ltd. in London. The leather coat is designed by Luciano Ferretti. Navy Knickerbocker belt.



Even the shopkeepers continue the hands-on approach to contemporary fashion. Seen on the first floor: a top and skirt from Narciso; silk a British of Rome suit. Women's fashions from Don Karle. Men's shirt from Schleiching, tie from Prochordack.

Loe's proper gipsy goes outside the Chestnut Hill mall store. Jacket, sweater, shirt, and pants are Loe's private label David and Joan chose.



## BOSTON LOUIS

It is atmosphere at Loe's is so subtle you can't miss it. That's what co-owner Murray Fursten—Loe's grandson—hopes you'll feel anyway.

"We want a man to understand our point of view about fashion through an immediate visual reaction," he says. "If it doesn't work for him, he'll leave a night away."

How you react depends on your taste for polished brass, dark wood, and fabric in earth tones. Loe's implicit hope on such things is a customer's appreciation of the difference between polished gray and steel.

Loe's did not become such a discriminating fashion store overnight. At the turn of the century, Louis Fursten opened the store as a pawnshop where men who were short of ready funds sometimes turned in their clothing for cash. Even when the pawnshop became a legitimate clothes center Loe's sons, Saul and Nathan, the clients weren't quite the elegant and subdued crowd that shops at Louis today.

"I remember delivering a suit to a boxer in a rough part of Boston," Murray recalls. "I was about twelve years old. The guy answered the door with a beer in his hand, took the package, and slammed the door. I ran back to the store, but in my fright I had completely forgotten to ask for the money. My father was mad as hell."

Loe's tip: "Keep swatches of material from your suits after they've been tailored and carry them with you when you go to match them up with additional shirts, sweaters, shoes, and ties."

The downtown Loe's store, with its grand canopy entranceway at 479 Boylston Street in Boston, bears little resemblance to its pawnshop beginnings.



Murray Fursten, grandson of the original Loe's, surveys the second floor of his downtown store. He has displayed the clothing by color groups on movable racks.



"We are champions of better manufacturing," says Fursten. "We are one of the few men's shops with old-world-type craftsmen and a factory system for tailoring."



Right: Loe's introduces "colored, belated colors that are new but not overwhelming," says Fursten. Typical is a subtle blend of mauve and gray, translated here in an Antonio Fazio jacket, Zanella pants, a Fancini shirt, and a Froehnerian tie.





Partners Rick Hinder (left) and Dave Funky started their first business venture while still in their teens. In college, they invested \$5,000 in a pawn store. The small business eventually blossomed into their present retail fashion kingdom.



The Briches fashion outlook is one of updated tradition. Here, the concept is interpreted in a tux look from designer Alexander Julian.



## GEORGETOWN Briches

"Clothes should not be the first thing you notice about a man," says David Funky, co-owner of Briches of Georgetown. "We want a man to feel that he's buying something right for his body—and that means clothing that enhances him without ever drawing anyone's eye."

The emphasis on "subtleties," combined with a conservative rather than trendy view of men's fashion, has given Funky and partner Rick Hinder a solid segment of the men's market in the Washington, D.C., and Atlanta areas. Briches now has fraction stores, with the Georgetown store serving as flagship. In addition, the chain boasts one of the strongest mail-order catalog businesses in men's wear.

Funky and Hinder have been in business together since high school. Their first venture was a fireworks stand—an unlikely beginning for a chain of stores that leans to classic, conservative styles and second times in clothing.

"We are honing down to fashions that have long-term appeal," explains Funky. "Now is the time for dressy business suits for men; dark fabric worn with crisp, white shirts."

For Briches, honing down has also meant fewer designer names on the racks. The store carries only one—Alexander Julian—and 90 percent of the merchandise is under Briches's own label.

"We think prices got generally out of hand last year," says Hinder, "and to combat this, we're mixing back in the number of names we will allow in the store."

While Briches may carry fewer trendy imports than other stores, there is one unusual rule to its operation. Everything in the store—from lamps to planters to posters on the wall—is for sale.

Briches's tip: "Don't discuss a garment simply because it contains a store label. Take a good look at it. You may find it as fashionable as designer clothing, maybe even better made. Certainly, it will be more reasonably priced."

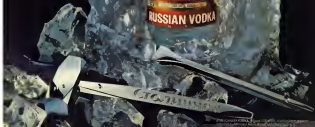


Briches's showcase shop is a brick front in Georgetown at 1347 Wisconsin Avenue NW, Washington, D.C.

# The only vodka imported from Russia.

## Stolichnaya.

(pronounced: Stoh-licb NYE-ya)



## The Right Stuff/VCRs: The Second Generation

If you're like most right-thinking people, you greeted the arrival of the first video-cassette recorder (VCR) with wariness. "Use, that's new!" you said, "but I don't need it." You worried about obsolescence; you feared the bugs hadn't been worked out. Then your equally right-thinking friends began to acquire one model or another, and you couldn't help but envy their liberation from the tyranny of TV schedules. They never had to choose between two shows scheduled simultaneously at the same time or miss a few A.M. showings of *The Muppet Show*, even though they'd gone to bed at one. Then you began to hear that the manufacturers had made the machines even better. You wondered whether that was true and whether you should finally take the plunge. The answer: It is, and you should.

When you venture into a video store this fall, you'll encounter at least a dozen new models. As before, the basic choice remains between the Beta and the VHS formats—which, as you know, are incompatible, what you record on one cannot be played back on the other. Your decision will depend on the features you want for your money. And what features? The new crop of VCRs can give you up to six hours of recording time. These longer playing times—in both formats—are achieved by slowing down the speed of the tape. That means an acceptably small degradation of picture quality, really nothing to worry about. Among the newer features are controls to speed up or slow down the action, to advance the picture frames by frame, or to freeze on the screen any given frame. Compact little portables let you stay glued to the movie without staying home or (with an optional video camera) let you indulge an itch to doctored your own.

On these pages are some of the selections of the new generation.

### Light and Lively

Above right, the featherweight crown in video-cassette recorder goes to RCA, whose portable VHS deck (top) weighs in at only fourteen pounds six ounces. While this distinctive system doesn't have all the features of the Akai (see opposite page), it does offer four hours of recording or playback time when used in AC power.



or. Leave the heavier timer-timer (bottom) at home and you'll have two hours of playing time on a battery charge. (A timer-timer or a model with any portable VCR to record off the air.) You can preset the timer up to twenty-four hours in advance to record four programs. The deck is about \$1,280; the timer-timer, about \$130.



### Sharp focus

Sharp's entry into the VCR marketplace is a programmable timer machine with some outstanding points. The VHS deck loads from the front rather than the top, which helps keep dust out of the mechanism. (It also makes the mg. stinkable.) An Automatic Program Locate Device, a feature on some of the company's audio-cassette recorders, makes a simple matter of seeking out the

start of any segment on a six-hour tape. During recording, you can insert a signal at any spot on the tape (somewhat like an outage on a typewriter). Once the tape has been marked, the machine can quickly rewind or move forward to the precise spot. And you can program it to erase—as many as seven programs on seven different channels up to seven days in advance. The price is \$1,375.

Photographs by Pat Field

by Anita Leclerc



### Visual Effect

Sony's serious Betamax will give you four and a half hours of playing time and a blurry freeze-dubbed Betamax, which belongs exclusively to the Beta format. With Betamax, you'll be able to view the image on the screen while the tape runs in fast forward or reverse speed—an unusual development, Sony believes, if the

viewer is to track down the start of one of the nine half-hour TV shows that you fit on a four-and-one-half-hour tape. The new deck also lets you freeze a single frame on the screen. For weekend travelers, there's a timer with which you can record programs in the same time slot on each of three days. The unit costs \$1,250.



### Going to Great Lengths

Among the video-cassette recorders going to new lengths is Pioneer's new DM-SR500 V1, a handsome VHS machine with which you'll be able to preserve six hours of action without going near your machine. At the touch of a few buttons, you can preset four programs on different channels up to a week in advance or the same program each day of the week. Electronic indexing helps you speed to the beginning of any recorded segment, which is particularly handy for reviewing a week's worth of programmed material. If you monitor the recording personally, there's a remote pause control (that's in an top) for discussing commercials. For easy reading, the day and time are displayed digitally on the front of the machine. The DM-SR500 V1, model PV-1400, costs \$1,295.



### Take It or Leave It

Also, known for its durable audio-cassette recorders, has unveiled Animatek's new VCR machine with a slow of Betamax usually found only on loose models. The sleek little system has a full range of speed controls—fast play, slow motion, frame by frame, and freeze frame. The (five-panel) deck (at right) can withstand VHS cassettes and is powered by a rechargeable battery or standard electric current. On a battery charge, you'll get two hours of playback time or an hour's worth of source time. And with the programmable timer-timer (at left), you can record two hours of unscheduled action. Animatek will be available in Atlanta, Chicago, Houston and Los Angeles in September and in additional cities by the end of the year. The price for both units is \$1,495.



## SILENT DREAMS

Sex, mystery, violence, and psychological depth—the film fantasies of early Hollywood had everything

Talk to people who saw films for the first time when they were silent, and they will tell you the experience was magic," writes Kevin Brownlow, the British film historian whose latest work, *Hollywood: The Pioneers*, will be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf. Most striking, perhaps, was the visual richness of the early films—a combination of intricate set design, exotic costumes, subtle lighting, and, not least, the presence of the gorgeous female stars who fired men's souls in the silent era. That they still retain their power to enchant is clearly apparent in these photographs from the collection of John Kohal, selected by Enquiries from Brownlow's book.

The publication of *Hollywood: The Pioneers* coincides with the appearance of a thirteen-part television series narrated by James Mason, produced by Thames Television of London, and scheduled for American TV beginning late September and early October (check local listings for exact dates). For the series, Brownlow interviewed several early film makers. "It is impossible to listen to these people," he says, "without marveling. They are so extraordinary in their old age. What must Hollywood have been like when they were all young?" The text beginning on page 58 provides a glimpse.

How would Freud or Jung have interpreted this marionette-dominated scene, with seductive Barbara La Marr crowding Roman Neronov in the company of an ape? The film is *Zigzag* #1000, made in 1912 by Rex Ingram, with art direction by Len Koster.



Only a few remaining stills exist to suggest the splendor of Betty Blythe (above) as J. Gordon Edwards's *The Queen of Sheba*, a film made in 1921 and now lost.

**I** wear twenty-eight costumes," said Betty Blythe of her title role in *The Queen of Sheba*, "and if I put them on all at once, I couldn't keep warm."

Beauty and the beast: Ghislis Swenson (below) and an ill-managed lion in a scene from the 1919 film *Nelly and Francis*, which caused scarecrows on the set. As Swenson remembers, "The lion made a dash, but he was stopped, and with that I turned and flew up the stairs, with my hands flying in every direction."



Leslie Roy (right) writes an extravagant poem in *Frankie*, directed in 1922 by Donald Crisp for the De Mille Corporation.





Evening Live: Garbo conveys a heady mix of innocence and degeneracy to the populace, a dose of morphia in *Flesh and the Devil*, 1926.

**G**arbo had something that nobody ever had on the screen. "Nobody," recalls Clarence Brown, who directed Garbo and Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil*, 1926.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert's kiss in *Flesh and the Devil* (1926) was as wild as it looks. "I have never seen two people so violently, excitedly in love," said Arthur Hays Sulzberg. "When they made love scenes, they sometimes had to be restrained."



Even brussels weren't off limits for silent films. At left, a scene with John Gilbert (as coach) from *Man, Woman and Sin*, 1927.

# WHY HOLLYWOOD?

Why indeed? Nobody thought Hollywood would become the center of the film industry. Nobody thought movies would last

by Kevin Brownlow

It is hard to imagine, but the American film industry flourished for many years without Hollywood. Films were produced all over the United States, but the industry's center was the nation's financial core: New York. Watson in New York made movies, however, and the most prosperous companies would move an entire production to Jacksonville, Florida—to make twenty-seven years' passing from the metropolis.

By about 1910, the example of California-made films—to shoot and shoot and with such wonderful backgrounds—was leading independent film makers to look there for new locations. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce guaranteed salaries for 300 days of the year, and Selig, a Chicago-based company, sent a crew to use the two-year. They produced a few films in Los Angeles before trying Colorado and embracing their preference for Los Angeles. The American Film Manufacturing Company began production in Balboa, California, then moved to La Mesa, and finally had a substantial studio in Santa Barbara. The Brown company had a ranch in Santa Monica, and the Republic Company had a motorcycle studio next to the racetrack barns in Persim and Georgia streets, Los Angeles. Here, D. W. Griffith would arrive with his players each January 1 for the winter. The picture people would occasionally crowd out from such studios to the little town of Hollywood, which provided an ideal small town atmosphere and whose attributes seemed to be sun, space, and accommodation.

Hollywood was famous for its fruit—the California Valley, in which it was situated, was known as the Foothill. The town's founding father, Harvey Henderson Wilson, was a real estate person whose wife had given the employees' taste of Hollywood in their California. When Wilson died, real estate found his partner, Wilson made a map of what the area seemed. Hollywood Ranch was to look like a town, but it was a suburb. No sooner was the map drawn than it was made agents then Wilson's employees became industry. Tomorrow, already impressed by the first year in the California Valley, frequently fell in love with the place and moved into it.

The year 1911 marked the end of all hopes of producing Hollywood's exclusive atmosphere. The city fathers had banned every thing they could think of that might lower the tone, such as the establishment of gambling or slaughterhouses, but they overlooked the moving picture people and, instead, from their occasional glimpse at the crowd, that their invasion was a transient one. In any case, they were concerned with far more immediate issues such as alcohol. Harvey Henderson Wilson had been a prohibitionist, and many of the other residents, mostly middlemen, supported his stand.

On Sunset Boulevard was a nightclub managed by a French family, the Blondes. Anne Blondin had bought the place from

Kevin Brownlow is the author of *The Parade's Gone By*—and *The War, the West, and the Wilderness*. This article is adapted from *Hollywood: The Pictures* (John Wiley & Sons).

Wilson and later found it to the Mear Brewing Company. The Mear company, in turn, sold it to some moving picture people—representatives of the Coaster film company, in Balaqua, New Jersey, who were looking for a permanent California base. Their venture operation was named Nessler, and the Nessler studio became the first in Hollywood.

The New York Motion Picture Company had opened a studio in Edendale in 1909, and Mack Sennett occupied it in 1911. Sennett opened a western branch in Santa Monica in 1911. A group of studios, the Universal, Lasker, and Lasker, opened in the Hollywood area, near Sunset Boulevard, and the rapid proliferation of film factories in and around the town caused them among the city fathers. Yet Hollywood still remained the most attractive of all the suburbs around Los Angeles and housed a few hotels, the Hotel Hollywood. For this reason, the picture people gathered in Hollywood and rented rooms in the hotel. As time went on, they began to buy houses in the town.

The variety of scenery in southern California was unmatched anywhere in the world, and the California-made pictures soon attracted their locations proudly on their posters. The California Valley seemed a Garden of Eden to the new arrivals from the East. Anna de Mille, whose father, William C. de Mille, had moved his family to California in 1914, recalled "You see, the spring was such a beautiful thing there. When the rains came, within two weeks what had been barren was suddenly all green, and the grass was so strong, with a scrubby scrubby that was just exciting. And in the grass, you could find the lilies, the poppies, the tulips, all of them together and all of them just blowing wild and in the center. You gathered them by the armful."

Actress Olive Fuller Golden came out to California in 1910 and remembers the "the season ran right into the foothills, and the foothills were single up into a gulch, and you were in the wild, wild hills. Sugarbush and redwoods and cedars and the like would start down every night. It was beautiful to go up to the end of the street where because you were right among the redwoods. It was a very nice position, I think."

For some of its length, a level path ran down the center, where the house was the most desirable method of transport in Hollywood. Few of the roads were paved, and some of the streets presented driving risks.

"Of course there were automobiles," said Anna Lasker Jr., one of the producers. "They had them for twenty years, but there wasn't many. The studio had two or three for general purposes, but we had horses, and we rode to school. There was a sign I remember on the back of the automobile that said, 'DON'T GOAT RATHER FROM THE REAR PLATFORM!'"

The consistency of the sunshine was a vast economic factor, for manufacturers could depend on making films without light. But southern California was popular for another reason: Labor costs were half what they were in New York. Los Angeles was well-known for being a working town, and there was a plentiful supply of workers. Salaries were cheap and sometimes free—local people being willing to act for the fun of it.

The financial offices of the motion picture operations remained in New York, New Jersey, or Chicago, separated from their studios by a train journey of four days. This situation impeded the profits of Western Union and the Southern Pacific and led north



"Movers" moving around on the lawn of the Hotel Hollywood, 1917



Even the famous and director Josef von Sternberg (seated at right) couldn't keep his act quiet. He posed for this gag shot with cameraman Maximilian Fabian, C. and N. Sigel in uniform, Matthew Ben, and Bruce Adams during the shooting of *Do You Desire Me*, 1925.

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**The smoking man's low tar**

ing to lower the profits of the picture companies, so it was allowed to continue. The famous people needed to be in the East, close to the pulse of the studio market, and they talked to supervisors, studio managers, and occasional snap magazines to keep their studios up to the mark. But the gulf between production and administration led to creeping inefficiency. By the end of the silent era, the producers had reorganized and strengthened the western end of their business, and many had permanently moved to California.

Motion picture people in Hollywood were known by the locals as "movie" by show business standards, they lived modestly at first, but their high spirits and fire and energy meant offends some of the older residents. "The movie men were horrible," said Anita Loos, the writer, "because they were very modest people, mostly from the Middle West, people who were elderly and had gone out to California to sit in the sunshine for their declining years, so when they saw this troupe of scoundrels show up, they felt the atmosphere was being harmed."

"We were beneath them," said director Allan Dwan. "If we walked on the streets with our cameras, they had their girls under the beds and closed the doors and the windows and shut away. We were really trouble in their eyes."

"I knew what discrimination was because I was a movie," said Agnes de Mille, "and it was just not pleasant for us to know people."

The suspicion was not universal. At Edendale, where film editor William Hershock lived and where his father had sold some land to The New York Motion Picture Company, the students welcomed the picture business because it provided work for the local community.

"I can remember my uncle going out to a soldier," said Hershock. "He was in a Civil War picture, and he was so pleased to put on a uniform and get his dollars—they were getting a dollar a day. I remember it was the first time we had seen paper money, everything on the West Coast was gold or silver. And when he came home with this piece of paper money, which the soldier gave him, he thought it was a joke."

There was no casting organization in those early days, people gathered at studio gates for jobs. Allen Dwan remembers, "If our gates were not open, they'd rush off to the next little place where they had a gate. And I say 'little place' because they were small lots. When we did put up buildings we called studios, they were simply nests stuck up in the air with wires stretched across them and canvas to shield us from the sun. They were called stages. As time advanced, entering people came from the East and began to put up buildings around these lots, slowly, leaving the roofs open, because otherwise we couldn't work. We had no electric light. They were all open-air sheds. Sometimes when it was raining, there would be a rush of people to the lot to grab a piece of furniture and get it out of the rain until it had passed, then we'd put it out again and while the sun was up, shoot a few scenes and then hide the furniture again from the elements. Sometimes it would be raining on one side of the street, and we'd make our shots and then walk across the river and do something else."

The thought that there might loathe the most sophisticated of materials eventually gave Hollywood the spend money of a nation. People in cities, almost unthinkingly, desired—no one asked for any sample of the two estates could be found than that of Mary Pickford—but most people found the touch of these highly class. Even when chosen for a role, it was study to be significant. But if you were looking for fun, that was different.

"On the way in work at the morning," said director King Vidor. "I would see a boy sitting newspaper on the corner, and I'd say, 'How's a good time for the party?' I'd go up to him and say, 'Here's money you got left?' He'd say, 'Fifty, sixty cents.' I'd say, 'Okay, here's the sixty cents.' Get in. You want to be a movie actor? Leave the papers there and come to work.' We gave him five dollars a day."

"They were good days," said silent star Harvey Parny. "There were no unions, so there was no overtime. You worked Sundays and holidays—no extra pay. But it was a family, a very close knit group of people. Everybody would help each other. They wouldn't

try to hinder you or push you down. Everybody worked. And it was fun. It was real fun."

Because the business was so new, there was a strong sense of optimism and little politics and resentment, those sparks of an overworked industry came later. There was also a strong commercial sense.

"Whenever they finished a picture," said Agnes de Mille, "which would be roughly every week, they would sit some time. They'd pass it together and run it, and they'd look everybody—all the families, all the children, even neighbors, sometimes—'Come in, come in and see our picture.' Then they'd look everybody who they thought I cannot believe it was that simple, but it was and I think some of that simplicity and some of that fervor and contentment is the film and that's why they're valuable and loved."

"After nine o'clock at night," said actress Viola Dana, "you could shoot a scene off on Hollywood Boulevard and never be



Coopers on film set allowed for elaborate traveling shots in the late silent. Here, Gary Cooper is filmed for *The Virginian*, 1928.

supposed." What little night life there was occurred at the Hotel Hollywood. The hotel was a building designed in the mission style, dominated the little town and carried a magnetic influence over the lives of the picture people. Actors would look around as if they had located a suitable house for rent; months later they found themselves still unemployed. The hotel symbolized the importance of the new industry. Most people felt they would soon be back back to New York. No one expected the movies to last.

"The big night," said Dana, "was Thursday night. They used to clear the lobby and we had a dance. Everybody used to look for word in the night. There was an old girl that ran the band, a Miss Hershock, and she was a regular dancer, black ribbon and all that sort of thing. And I want to tell you, there was nothing that went on in that hotel that she didn't know about. She had an eagle eye, and there was no dancing at those dances or anything like that. It was a case of everybody back to their own rooms!"

The Yvonne County Club was a favorite night spot—well outside Hollywood. But some of the stars looked as young, indeed were so young, that they weren't allowed in. "It was a small community then," said Dana, "and we all knew each other. If we went to a party, it wasn't to be seen or for publicity, it was to have fun. Sunday night we'd go to the City Club or the Sunset Inn, and that was our night to have, because we were a bunch of kids having fun and we didn't think so much about being elegant."

"Everybody loved everybody," said writer Adolph Rogers de John. "There were love affairs going on, and everybody had an excitement about the whole thing that I've never seen since. None of us knew even vaguely what we were doing. None of us knew when the picture business had come in, the picture business had come in, and the picture business was just beginning there for a while. It didn't last long, and it was great, and that's why we were, right in the middle of this golden time, with everybody beginning to look at us." 41





# The Shah's Alma Mater

The rich learn how to be rich at Le Rosey, in Switzerland

**Y**ou know about Eton, of course. Also Harrow and the rest. First schools. Fancy clothes, fancy customs, fancy old buildings. Merry old England pokes itself on having the best school system in the world.

Well, forget Eton. The poshest school in the world is in Switzerland, and its name is Le Rosey. Some very upper-class Englishmen go there, too, and for very special reasons. The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, a descendant of the Plantagenets, who inherited enough acres to keep him in the right his ancestors were accustomed to, explains "It was the school my grandfather Englishmen were sent to when expelled from an English one for hugging." The next, a Le Rosey alumnus, quickly adds that his own case was different: "My parents sent me," he says.

Le Rosey is located in a beautiful park, above Lake Lemano, halfway between Luxembourg and Geneva, in French-speaking Switzerland. It takes its name from the nearby Château de Rosey, which dates from the 16th century. The school to which nearly every young person—very young in prep schools go—but with tuition at \$12,000 per year, minus not included, is one of the world's most expensive. Le Rosey's roster has always been small. Today there are 150 boys and 100 girls and there is an instructor for every six pupils.

The campus on Lake Lemano is used in autumn and spring. In winter, the school moves to its other location, in Gstaad. That way, many of the students get to see their parents on the slopes or, if not on the slopes, in the town beside the slopes. The jet set is not particularly quiet these days, the parents of the Rosey student body are mostly Balkan-based bankers, Middle



Eastern moneybags. Greek diplomats, and African civil servants—all of them with two flags in common: Swiss bank accounts and Le Rosey.

The fact is that although Le Rosey used to be called the school of kings, it became the school of the rich, and it is now the school of the OPEC rich. In 1958 the first ten names in the school's yearbook were Anglo-Saxon. By 1978, the first six names were all Arab or Iranian.

And speaking of this yearbook, the ads, say for Bakumasa growth funds and the Swiss Bank Corporation, are now calling Caviar jewels and Saudi oil companies. Until 1975, a double-page ad was taken out at the end of every year by Sheikh Yassir's son. The advertisement was the kind large oil companies place in glossy magazines. Yassir's son's ads were all about peace and cooperation. Now that he has

Radawalla, and a Chevrolet. Nothing to brag in a country of so many tax rules, it was a disgrace for the Aga Khan, the prince tax dodger of them all, to attend. He spent nine years at Le Rosey, and his brother spent six. Winner of Maccabi and the King of the Belgians are the only two students who became heads of state and who have not won lost their jobs.

In 1932, the then Shah of Iran, who had recently had himself crowned, sent his son and heir to Le Rosey. The young Pahlavi, an everyone called him, picked up the kind of opportunities that enabled him to leave his own country with much dignity forty-seven years later. While at Le Rosey, he managed to accomplish something that should last throughout his reign. He became penniless, it is even known in fact.

Count Giovanni Valpi, whose father was Mussolini's finance minister and thus a

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# CRAIG M100



very rich man, says that "in thirty-two years of existence, the school has produced only one boy who has made a million dollars. That was Richard Helms."

Vulpe's theory is not quite correct. Winston Churchill, the grandson of Sir Winston, made it to Parliament by his own efforts, although he was rejected in the back benches just prior after a disagreement with Margaret Thatcher. Winston was sent to Le Rosey by his mother, the present Mrs. Annet Helms, who at the time was dealing with his father, Randolph.

Ironically, a man who has excelled in business, turning his misadventure into a profit machine, was hardly noticed while at Le Rosey. Prince Ranier of Monaco was a shy, unobtrusively young man enjoying some of the misadventures of life he chose today. Alastair Hume, the noted British historian and writer, was at Le Rosey with Ranier. "He was shy," says Hume, "but I found him frightfully easy-going, because he was always wearing a bow tie. But even then he always seemed about to say yes or no plus."

Hume describes his year at Le Rosey as unremarkable. "I saw more prejudices there than I ever have outside. My American roommate was the first man I heard say something nasty about Jews. Also, my classmates' academic dislike for the Hasidim manifested itself whenever Abba van Habsburg wore his tallithah. I also learned to eat an omelet with one hand and

## It is the world's poshest prep school, the "school of kings." Now it's for the OPEC rich.

picked up the habit of living above my means."

After the end of World War II, and until America went into retreat and the dollar became something one given away to beleaguered beggars, Le Rosey was almost an American colony. There were Salomons, Pennington, Humberg, Spalding, Woodwards, Salas, Whitneys, Chabousses, and a long assortment of Tans—long on cash if short on pedigree. There are now only about forty American students, and the list is getting smaller by the year.

One does not attend Le Rosey for illicit pleasures. The school is known for its intolerance of recent Greek practices among the students. In fact, the school prides itself on "being"—expelling—any pupils caught in homosexual activity. Drugs are something the Le Rosey prides itself for not tolerating. The headmaster, Colonel Louis Schuster of the Swiss Army, a formidable-looking man, says, "The first time anybody gets caught

smoking pot or sniffing anything nasty, he is fired. I don't care who they are." Even during the drug-outdated days of the late Sixties and early Seventies, Schuster insists, only a few Americans were found guilty. "It was a few isolated cases. We've had no problems since."

Perhaps OPECs think differently. Some young Le Rosey alumni are renowned for their ability to smoke and snort more than it used even to get an ovation.

One attends Le Rosey for contacts. When Richard Helms arrived as head of the CIA in 1972, he was posted as ambassador in Bonn. The CIA was delighted with the appointment. He and Helms were both Le Rosey alumni.

The school also recalls a kind of nostalgia to its students and gives them the feeling of being the equals of the very rich. This can be risky, as the example of Peter Zorvachis shows. Zorvachis, a Paris-born Greek, was at Le Rosey with the shah and Ranier. His son Alexis graduated last year and was friendly with Ahmed Fawzi Faruqi, the president to the Egyptian throne. Their fathers had been friends. Peter Zorvachis tells the story: "It was at Cannes around 1948. The same year police, I remember, drove. I had three sons, four daughters. I bet the last couple fifty thousand dollars. Fouad [then king of Egypt] saw my son. He had four legs. Counting himself, it made five. He took the pot." ■



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## Travel

by Stephen Birnbaum

# Singles Abroad

There are still penalties if you travel solo, but help is on its way

**P**robably the last trip as recorded history in which the participants all were single, apart from Noah, was the cruise of Noah's Ark. After seas, passage fees and crew groups have not been quite so systematically arranged, with countless individuals now setting forth to see the world unaccompanied by a friend, relative, lover, or spouse.

That trend toward traveling solo is reinforced by the dramatic increase in the number of unmarried, divorced, or widowed citizens. The detached portion of the population is finding that the travel world is only beginning to gear itself to the provision of single-oriented services. In fact, the travel industry actually reflects a special form of discrimination on the single traveler. Even the most cursory glance at room- and package-deal hotel rates reveals that prices are routinely quoted for double occupancy only—and the solitary hotel guest gets the short end of the bargain conveyor. When you add to this the surcharge for singles that is imposed by virtually every tour and package plan, you get some idea of the dimensions of the prejudice exerted against singles.

Most discouraging of all, the so-called single supplement charged for a two-week tour can range anywhere from \$40 to \$400. If you think that borders on the oppressive, consider that single inventors on some cruises often pay 30-75 percent more for their accommodations than a second passenger in the same cabin would pay.

But the single traveler is far from helpless. Perhaps the best known of the recent organizations to cash in on the single market is the extraordinarily successful Club Mediterranean and its more than 20 chapters, which all around the world. Though not restricted to unmarried clients, Club Med is extraordinarily popular among the widowed. The marketing mix it has been a mix of fun, food, and—unique the not-very-well-known-but significant that one and one might easily become a part of the vacation package. Most guests settle for just a little, who's-in-charge, but at a fixed price for everything, with no extra costs except for bar charges and optional excursions. This all includes



rental Club Med's luggage, enjoy all sorts of sports activities that routinely carry a surcharge at most traditional resorts, plus at least the pleasure of a relaxing week at a resort cost.

There are, of course, several somewhat more conservative vacation opportunities being offered to single travelers, and certain of the cruise lines, for example, have taken steps to adjust rates for their unaccompanied passengers. On the Coastal Line's *Prancer* and *Coastline* ships (and certain sections of the *MS Zephyr*, a Guaranteed Ship Pace ship) is now offered whereby you may actually have a cabin designed for two to yourself (without extra charge) if the line can't find you a roommate. On Commodore Cruise Line's *Candle*, about 25 percent of the cabins are set only on a single basis, and the single person pays the same price as an individual occupying half of a double stateroom.

There are several organizations that specialize in planning trips for unattached travelers at matching a single person with a companion.

□Gossamer's Singleworld (544 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-212-759-2431) is the largest wholesaler dealing exclusively with the single market. For a "share fee" of from \$14 to \$45 for

nothing at all if the company operating a particular tour doesn't charge for the service, it will place you with a roommate as close to your interests as possible.

□Compassion in Travel (1194 Oakfield Avenue, Waukegan, New York 11793, 516-221-2300) will make you with a roommate at no charge. If you people by use of a questionnaire that includes such items as your age, where you've traveled in the past, whether you smoke or not, and so on.

□Solo Flight (5 Washington Avenue, Newburgh, Connecticut 06080, 203-226-9970) acts both as a travel agent for singles and as a social and travel club.

There are, in addition, several travel organizations that operate in a private sort of single traveler. Women's Journeys (2314 North Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California 90062, 213-255-1115), the Club Famosa, a travel club exclusively for women, with yearly dues of \$15. Our research also turned up an organization called the Widener Travel Club (10 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 122, New York, New York 10020, 212-974-4420), with about 5,000 members who pay \$25 a year to be matched with a traveling companion. What was most interesting about this club was that only about 30 percent of its members are actually widows. —

Stephen Birnbaum is a writer living in New York City.

Illustration by Doug Taylor

OCTOBER 1985/ESQUIRE 35

# What It Takes to Win at Three-Card Monte

Not much except for the hype, the overthrow, the verbal method, the bent-ear play, putting the lug in, the pointer system, the head code, and a few other maneuvers every decent citizen in the land should know

by Jeffrey Galperin

**L**adies and gentlemen, you will notice I have three cards exposed vertically so as to be indistinguishable, and the myriad player who stand on the corner of 34th Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street I choose upon this game of chance during my first week in New York. I was wearing my own suit with the latest lapels, which I had just bought as it was to look like a rule. A crowd had gathered around the very little man who picked his buttons as fast as he did his cards on the box before him.

"I see the cards up. I see you up. I don't get mad when I lose. I get happy when I win. You nervous or better?"

Then, erroneously, he looked at me and said, "I say you can't find the queen. You might think you can. And if you can, I suggest you do not make yourself a little waste." I promptly lost \$20.

Swear!, no longer here. I moved that afternoon to measure myself in the game's secret corners, to make sure you to have my revenge and make my fortune.

For the advanced here is three-card monte. The dealer shows the better three cards, one exactly alike, the third different—often two men and a queen of the other color. The dealer then shuffles the cards face-down on the table and challenges the better to choose the "key" card, which the better advances by placing his money on the card of his choice. Although the correct odds for monte are 2 to 1, the dealer actually pays only even money, a violation, 100 better will walk away with his original capital and a 100 dividend.

With minor variations, three-card monte can be found virtually anywhere there's a transient crowd with money, in Chicago and Washington, D.C., in the back seats of city buses, in Boston, on the Cornucopia in Philadelphia, on the train to the mac-

Jeffrey Galperin is a writer and a lawyer in New York. He carries his card.



The head better at work.

trucks, in Los Angeles, in the prohibit money and truck stops. And in New York City, due to a change last year in the interpretation of the law, monte's open house has not only along the border sections of Broadway but on Fifth Avenue as well. With Queens, Corbin, and Tiffany as well. The dealer, they say, must make of cardboard boxes only, on a good day, one make a hundred dollars on, or lose.

Three-card monte originated in Mexico, made its way through Texas, and arrived in New Orleans around the 1830s. A descendant of thimble-up, an early form of the shell game, the game was called three-card monte because early betters mistakenly thought it was a derivative of another popular game—though, naturally, three-card monte from Mexico known simply as monte. Three-card monte dealers copied the five acts upon the Mississippi and then to the West, changing it in their paths. Forbid-bid, a revival of monte acquired fortune on monte, which became the most popular one game of the Old West. Herman Melville, who wrote *The Confidence-Man*, in the 1850s, was probably inspired by the idea of such shonky stagers as "Cin brella King" Meyer and "Cassidy Kid"

Jones, who once defended his livelihood mostly "because I can't do business with money, anyway."

Today, in New York City, monte arrests number more than a thousand a year. But a recent ruling by a criminal court declares the game is not a swindle so long as "shells" (confederates) and "padding" (bumping the queen up a sleeve) are not employed. The monte players hardly play that trade and pay the fines—typically between \$15 and \$50. "I look at that," gape one police officer, "as the CDDB, the cost of doing business."

Although some would might think that monte is a game of skill—and no one can deny that the lengths of hand require considerable dexterity—John Scarne, the author of Scarne's *Complete Guide to Gambling*, says three-card monte is a "various, not a game." Whatever the call, there is no question that monte trades in the real money of the game.

JAY SHERMAN

Behind every successful monte man is a monte mob. The principal player in the operation is, of course, the dealer. He is also called the sprigler, the operator, the viceroy, and the bread master, as he makes the game. For anyone intent on looking the operation, it is as important to know the shells as it is to find the queen. This would be not so difficult, for shells, or stacks, tend to be the men winning and losing stacks of money with equally unconvincing caution. Often, they drop their chips in a package, a suitcase case, or a dry cleaning to make it appear as if they were just passing by when they happened upon the game.

The shell game itself does not know where the winning card is until he gets a signal from the dealer. Every man who has his own signal, but some of the more obvious ones include:

□ The pointer system. With a cigarette, cigar, or toothpick in his mouth, the dealer points to the middle card to indicate that the queen is in the middle, to the right to



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underneath the queen is on the left, and vice versa.

□ *The deal card.* This method is pretty much the same as the show, the trick here being to switch which direction the dealer flips while delivering his spot.

□ *The deal method.* Coded in the dealer's spot are messages to tip off the staff. For instance, if the dealer picks up his cards with one word (for example, "Go"), the queen is in a prearranged first position, two words ("Any better?"), the queen is in the second, and three ("Who sees it?"), the queen is in the third. To illustrate:

"Black you win, red you lose  
It all depends on the card you choose  
Who sees it?"

The card would be in the third position.

The skills are there not only to generate a crowd and induce the "cut" (occurs) to play but also to amuse the line, distract him, and set him up for their different plays. In the amusement mode are the "sides" (bookends) whose job includes applauding when the "showcase" (spot) is sighted, acting as "tips" (jackpots) on the prearranged crowd and protecting the dealer. They are also often there to sing the case gambler who manages to win.

The money taker men, then, crimped cards ("lickers" in the argot) has cards with the crosshatched line design on the back as the most commonly used, as they are the most difficult to distinguish. In preparation for the game, the cards are held together and bent lengthwise as well, their four corners, to facilitate handling.

## THE REE

The "kype," as sometimes, is the most important sight in Monte.

There are, you see, two different theories that look exactly alike if properly executed. One is the "underneath" (the natural or the three), and the other is the "overneath" (the fake three or kype).

The game always begins with the crimped cards being laid out in a row, face-down, a few inches apart. The spot commences: "Ten will go you twenty. Come on and get your money!" Ten or twenty dollars in the average bet. As the dealer gives his pitch, he begins to toss a few far underneath, he covers one card with another, picks both up, shows the bottom card to the following, places the top card alongside. He repeats the procedure a few times with different combinations of cards so the audience can see that it is indeed the bottom card that is being consistently thrown down first. Then he reaches over to the kype.

For the kype the cards are once again laid out face-down on the table, with the queen in the middle. The dealer picks up the ten in his right with his right hand, he shows it at the rear of the card at the crimp and his index finger at the front of the card, slightly to the right of the crimp. With the ten still in hand, he picks up the queen with his thumb and middle finger (this is

the same grip used in the underneath)

With the cards slightly apart, he turns the hand over and shows the bottom card (the queen) to the crowd. In turning the cards face-down he releases the index finger, thereby overfrowning the top card (the ten) on the table. The queen remains in the right hand, with the index finger having been transferred during the flip from the position he'd firmly held on to my card to a similar position on the bottom card. To disguise the kype, the money taker traps his wrist a few inches off the table while flipping the card. The crowd assumes that the queen was dropped when he felt the top card was. It could have been the bottom card had the dealer released the middle finger instead and thus performed the underneath.

With his left hand, the operator then picks up the ten on his left, crumples his hands, and drops the ten in the outer-right position and the queen in the center-left. When a kype is properly performed, it is impossible for even another money taker to detect the queen's money taker; therefore, will drop the cards slowly and deliberately, making the game all the more menacing for the onlooker.

## THE RUN-AR-FLOT

Before the game, in preparation for the "best-of-play" (also known as putting the leg out), the money taker, in addition to crimping the cards vertically, bends the "under" corners (the outer-right corners with the numbers) back and forth until they are extremely pliable. He is careful, though, not to mark the card's surface while putting in the "cut," or leg.

The shift, after being a few hands, assumes the operator of cheating and takes one of the less used. While the operator chooses after the card, the shift quickly bends back one of the prearranged corners of the queen and shows it to the crowd. The operator returns and appears not to notice the queen's money taker, and the shift now with a few hands by picking the queen with the best corner. The operator soon tells the shift that he doesn't want to play with his own finger, so he is getting too good. He turns to the mark and asks him if he'd like to try. When the mark assents, the taker sees the cards up with the legged queen in the middle and performs the standard kype.

The standard kype grip in mind, but this time, while the cards are in hand, his middle finger grips the bottom card (the queen) along with the ring finger, covers the read corner, and seductively pushes it down. At precisely the same time, the first knuckle of the money middle finger leans back and up against the prearranged flexible corner of the top card (the ten) with its new cut to the table first. The finally turned queen follows behind it. The bottom card immediately falls and ends up on the crimping up and then immediately for a convincing shoulder.

## THE STUNT

At this point, I must confess that I have yet to get up the nerve to give anyone a stunt with another money player. That is not to say, however, that the stunt man can't be beaten. Let's suppose you have studied the game carefully and, having sworn to use the secrets revealed in the article for the purposes of good will, yet still to promote the cause of Monte. Knowing that transgression is the name of the game, you rely yourself with two buddies who either played football or were on some teams in college and now look as though they might be. Reaching their statures or have judges for fiction. You seek out the sophisticated money dealer as a part of town you don't frequent. You check over his bookies to make sure you have't seen these fellows in the past office. You study the dealer's operation until you've picked out the skills and perhaps the code. Next, you study the dealer's hands until you can follow his style and reasonably predict his kype. Early in the game, you indicate your intentions in betting, either by saying so or even by losing, say, a ten. Naturally, the villain wants to shake you down for more, so they set up the best-of-play. The shift won't be "flaky," you say finally, "although these guys, if I do it next time." The cards are shuffled, the kype performed. You know the queen has to be the card thrown down after the newly bent card. The cards go down as you knew they would; your friends shoulder in on both sides to prevent the dealer from cheating or better ahead of you. Looking at the card with the protruding ear the while time, you flip out a cool hand-dorled doll (they don't accept credit cards) and say, "Well you see my bookies are good."

"Of course," the dealer says, scarcely able to conceal his grin.

"Let's see it," you say finally, still seeing the best ear. He pretends the handout.

"Cut that man's cards," your friends boom, their shoulders blocking out the sun, you place your money on the card that followed the legged card and turn it over with a triumphant grin. The queen reveals only as you're completely alone you cheer. There you then were.

Perhaps. Perhaps you will be paid in the counterfeited money specifically provided for such contrivances. Or perhaps one of the dolls will yell "Foolish!" and all scatter in an instant, leaving you with two card-board boxes, two beverages in food tins, and three loaded little cards crumpled vertically "so as to be indistinguishable." □



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The Language

by John Simon

## Sesquipedality, Anyone?

In this game, brevity can be won by going to great lengths

**W**e have always been told to refrain from belaboring in public, to yield our seats on the subway to old people, and to avoid using big words where simple ones will do. The implication was unambiguous: there was no time when a short, scorable term could not, virtuously and profitably, replace a big bad word. The use of vile and ostentatious polysyllables even had a security guarantee: none, sesquipedality, or unspicedness.

Sesquipedality comes from the Latin word *sesquipedalis*, "of a foot and a half in length," referring to long and ponderous words, the *sesquipedalia verba* Horace brought to our attention in his *Art Poetica*. In English, the word is almost always used in a humorous or derogatory context, as when Robert Sculley referred to Stephen Hawking's series as being "in full of laborious sesquipedalian Latinate as the prose of *The Rembrandt*." Now, Hawking's poetry I would not wish on anyone, but Dr. Johnson's periodical, *The Rambler*, whereas the ultraconservative post-graduate Southey thought of it, is something all of us can learn a thing or two from. Though the simple word is often the best, there are also cases when the last syllable, last comma, and, usually, larger word is preferable.

For miles, almost at random, this sentence from issue number 121 of Johnson's *Rambler* is a description of the East of Claudius's style: "But there is always Deputy in his Negligence, a rude martial Majesty, which without the Nurture of bloated Expense, warls the Mind by its Pretence and Diffusion." Suppose Johnson had wanted to be deliberate, but correct and make it less sesquipedalian—the last of the last, happily, never occurred to him. His might have concluded as follows: "words the mind by its diffusion and reach," the best Anglo-Saxon approximation I can come up with. But here Johnson would have been less good than Aristotle, the latter, besides sounding more majestic, elegant, and absolute in style as well. And Johnson conveys the story not only in such but also to persuade, inform, persuade.

Now, of course, neither planarians nor diffusion is truly sesquipedalian in the way

The critic John Simon is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



that a word like *sesquipedality* is of like sesquipedality, like big, to mean either long or rare or both. Suppose you mean that the country is becoming more and more sesquipedality or that there is an increasing number of sesquipedality regulations in public places. You would have to know more than a little Greek to figure out that this grandiloquent sentence means *unintelligible* or *unintentional*. Such sesquipedality is grandiose and obnoxious unless it is put to some use, even then, however, it works only if you can count on an explanation and to keep your readers or listeners.

Conversely, a word like *young*, meaning personal identity, or *refined*, does not sound especially grandiose. Still, it is of virtually no use—*young* because its sound is not impressive or melodious and partly because words like *abundance*, *unintelligible*, and *refined*, besides being more familiar, also convey shades of meaning more precisely.

There are, to be sure, tricky borderline cases. Take the obscure *anaphoric*, meaning parallel, the shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines it as "of or pertaining to the lower letters down," whereas The American Heritage Dictionary does not contain it. It has the advantage of being a mundanum, both false adjective, as opposed to *refined*, which is obviously adverbial, a substantive phrase with service as an adjective—and like the metaphorical, for that matter. But it is a scholarly word ("etymological" in your sesquipedality would say) and a little vague. Does it refer to the race

immediately preceding down, which *young* suggests more strongly, or does it cover several hours in which case accurate might do just as well?

In this connection it is interesting to recall T. S. Eliot's long preening with a passage from "Little Gidding": "the last of his *Four Quartets*. A sense that originally read 'We turn upon the first and strongest at dawn' because after numerous meetings, 'The first and strongest in the evening dawn.' From read his prolonged birth pains. Eliot wrote John Hayward, his friend and mentor: 'I am still, however, wrestling with the demon of that precise degree of light at the precise time of day. I want something more assured than does not something as universal as Dante's old ladies shivering his words. I have been fiddling with something like this. The stranger in the wilderness look/The strange of the wilderness look. Perhaps it is too self-conscious, and belongs rather to the Middle Ages than to the Dantean gospel.' The usage would be both subtle and honest, with the precision of auditory terminology for these phenomena." In an earlier letter, he had observed: "There is probably some direct word for this degree of dawn, but even if I could find it, it probably wouldn't do."

There is much more agonizing over the word reproduced in Helen Glenister's excellent monograph, *The Composition of "Four Quartets"*. For our purposes, it is enough to note that Eliot, far all his elitism, repeated assurance and finally settled



# Charles Hamilton

Moment to moment with the complete collector

I want tell you, in some ways it's very frustrating doing what I do. Here I am, constantly poking into the lives of the powerful, looking over their most intimate correspondence—and also their most beautiful—and it's perfectly obvious to me that I could do a better job than just about any of them. Jesus, if I were President, what great things I would do! I'd introduce a regime of such compassion that the country would be back on its feet in no time.

Just kidding, huh? I find myself, rifling through history's leavings. Not that I'm complaining. After all, how many people are able to peruse a childhood obsession into a livelihood?

You see, as a child I collected everything I collected card—if I ever became a detective, I wanted to be able to identify different varieties of it on people's feet. And I collected that, which I would gather in different locations and carefully label. One day my mother threw out both my card and my card, a calamity from which I have not yet recovered. But, thank God, she left my other collections my broad wrappers—I had the finest collection in Flint, Michigan—and cigar bands, my sneakers, two socks, and bags.

Then one day when I was twelve, there was a story in the local paper saying that some guy had recently written to Rudyard Kipling asking for his autograph and never got a reply—said he learned that Kipling got 55 a word for his manuscripts and he sent him a check for 55. Kipling sent back a one-word response: "Thanks." Well, that appeared to me as a moment. At the time I was getting two cents a word from my father for hauling out our father's shoes, so I sent Kipling a check, replacing its origin. He sent back a signature. And I was hooked.

Until I was fifteen or sixteen years old, I collected by writing to people I personally admired, like John Philip Sousa. I'd ask questions like "How did you happen to write 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'?"—between, as every collector knows, comes the chief determinant of the value of any document—and I'd get an answer.

Years later, after I returned from overseas—where I'd had the hell scared out of me by Uncle Adolf and his associates—and began seeking painful employment, I had a simple idea of it. I was fired from



"Winding one, seven is a loan. Let's see our own word we get out of the words."

any job that anyone you can imagine. So finally, in 1953, two months shy of forty, I decided to go into the autograph business.

Now, I'm not getting myself, but by this time I had a fabulous knowledge, an unbelievable knowledge, that extended into every realm of human thought. And from the very first catalog, I was a great success—and so it continued until I reached the unenvied state of today.

I'm not being relatively flustered when I say that. Oh, I make plenty of money, all right—I get a 20-percent commission on most items. I add it up, then, 40 percent in special cases, and I now make \$100,000 a year—like I said, very, very poor. I wish I could say that poor, but I don't even own my desk. I have an expensive desk—a wall, four small chairs, three of which are in private school—and I make a two

hundred-dollar golden apartment on the East Side of New York that costs me \$1,300 a month and a Washington Beach house that drains my blood like Demos.

Still, I suppose my life isn't so bad, because unlike the vast majority of people in the world, I am employed by my work. Even as it is, I do. The one thing I can't stand is sitting on my ass and doing nothing. If I sit down, I think I would die.

I've already written a dozen or so books, and I'm at work on a new one now. I hate to admit that because most writers of books are old people. They just walk into the houses of their own parents, like college professors. But I'm afraid I do write, and as often as I can. I am particularly productive when the family is away. I'll take off all my clothes, sit down at the typewriter, turn up the radio, and write

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Left to right: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, George E. Stone.

### 42nd Street

**I**n the backstage musical genre, excellence—the 1935 movie where every plot twist has aged into a worn, comfortable cliché—the movie where the leading lady (brave and impetuous) spins a leg and an audience from the chorus (sweet and naturally) takes her place. It's the movie that introduced Ruby Keeler's bawdy leading in the scene. The movie that gave us "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "Kiss Me," and "You're Going to Be a Hotel with Me." It's the movie with Dick Powell as the ever-cooking juvies, Warner Baxter as the harried producer, George E. Stone as the slave-driving dance director, and Ginger Rogers as

the chorus girl who tells Baxter that Keeler can save the show—“She’s a real little trouper.” It’s the movie where Ruby Berkeley’s genius for laughs was allowed to blossom forth in all its surreal splendor—the high point of which is the moment when the dancer of Manhattan bursts into dance. Miss memorable line: Baxter (to Keeler): “You can’t fall down, you can’t! Because your figure’s at it, my figure, and everything all of us have is staked on you. All right. I’ll throw it at you. Keep your feet on the ground and your head on those shoulders of yours, and, Sweeney, you’re going out a youngster, but you’ve got to come back a star!”



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